

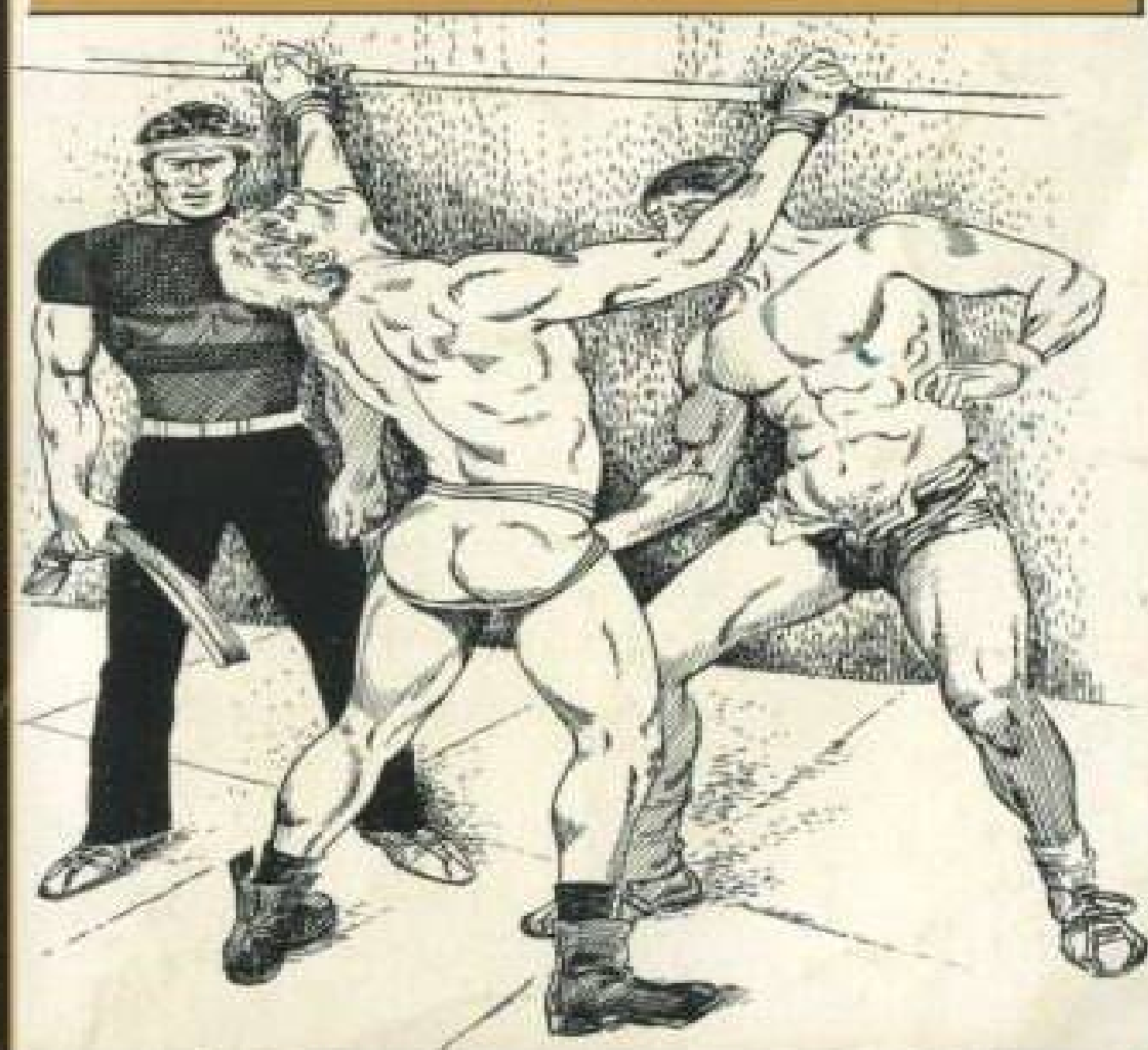
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MANPOWER

HELD FOR RANSOM

Jerry Franklin



Foreword

For years the “straight” society mistakenly viewed all homosexuals in the stereotype image of the effeminate individual whose every gesture and mannerism—the effusive, peening exhibitionism—supposedly labeled him a homosexual as effectively as any sign hung around his neck might have done.

However, as pointed out by Jess Steam in his *THE SIXTH MAN*: “Effeminate features or mannerisms... do not necessarily signify homosexuality. And, paradoxically, an inveterate homosexual may be the most masculine-looking person in the world.”

Of course, on the opposite end of the scale, many “gays,” as pointed out by no less an authority than Sigmund Freud in his “The Sexual Life of Man” as published in A.M. Krich’s *MEN*, have gone to the extreme of saying that homosexuals “are a special variety of the human race.” To prove their point, they are quick to cite such homosexuals as Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Alexander the Great, Hadrian, and Julius Caesar.

The truth, more often than not, is likely to be found somewhere in between. Within the ranks of homosexuality, there are probably just as many superior and valuable individuals—as well as the inferior and worthless ones—as are to be found among those in straight society.

The following is the story of several homosexuals: some good, some not so good; but, none all that different from their heterosexual counterparts.

Some of these characters have excelled in college athletics, others have excelled on the fields of battle in Viet Nam. None of them, standing in a randomly selected group of people, could be singled out as being gay merely because of any outward appearances.

Like anyone living in this day and age, though, the gays in this novel sometimes find they have difficulty adjusting not only to society as they find it but, also, to their own sexuality.

Read, then, of Tyler Chambers and Kroner Kranston, college kids who are inadvertently thrown into an encounter with three young Viet-Nam-veterans-turned-hijackers. Learn, as Tyler Chambers learns, that it is often

difficult—even in the unusually liberal atmosphere found on today’s college campuses—to break loose from age-old taboos without first undergoing ordeals “by fire” that are not willingly sought out but which, in fact, are endured only because they are forced upon us by outside elements over which we, fortunately, have no conscious control.

—The Publishers

CHAPTER ONE

Tyler Chambers entered the Hamcroft University Gymnasium and immediately took the steps to the basement level. He was quickly confronted by the black-on-white letters stenciled on the cement wall that faced him at the bottom: MEN ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT.

Tyler made a right turn, his nostrils picking up the faintly funky odors of male sweat, dirty socks, soiled jocks, damp towels, and steam.

Several students, none of whom Tyler recognized, passed him in the hallway. But not as many as would have during a class break. The two o'clock period wasn't over yet; and, most of the guys would still be out on the track, upstairs in the volleyball, handball, and squash courts, or anywhere else males enjoyed sweat-producing physical activity.

Tyler passed one of the open doors. A fencing class was in progress. A young blond German exchange student was putting a beginning class through its positions. Tyler didn't linger. He was anxious to get to the pool; although, he wasn't sure just why he was so anxious. Whenever he had the opportunity, he stopped by the pool, taking a seat in the observation area, watching the class in progress. There wasn't really anything all that unusual about that. Tyler certainly wasn't the only one who did it. Sometimes there were several people killing a few extra minutes watching the activities.

So, why did Tyler feel so guilty about heading there now?

Damn it, he shouldn't have felt guilty! He had a perfectly good excuse for being here, didn't he? He wanted to catch his roommate before the next class began; and, the most convenient place to do that was down here in the locker rooms.

But, did that explain why Tyler had arranged to arrive at the gym twenty minutes before anyone would even be coming in off the playing fields? Oh, Tyler had rationalized that he wanted to make sure he didn't miss Kroner. And, Tyler had convinced himself that was the reason. But was it?

Fucking, yes it was! If that wasn't the reason, then what possible reason could there have been?

It was strange: these sudden surges of paranoia Tyler experienced every time he found himself around a locker room, or the playing fields, or the pool, when he didn't really have a valid reason for being there. In a way, it was a ridiculous sensation for him to have, since he had spent a good many years of his life in gyms, on the running field, in all those various playing courts. Tyler had been a natural athlete since about Day One. He had taken to the competition like a duck took to the water. He would have been here at the University now on an athletic scholarship if his parents hadn't had enough cash to send him through.

But, Tyler's parents were quite well off. His dad was a bigwig with Boeing. Boeing had a big operation just outside town. A lot of the big jets were tested there or brought in for repairs.

Up ahead of him, Tyler saw the light waving along one wall after it came through the stretch of opaque glass that separated the pool area from the hallway.

Tyler's hands were sweaty? Why, for Christ's sake? Tyler never got this nervous even before a really important sports meet.

Tyler stopped by the door. SWIMMING OBSERVATION stated more black letters, these affixed to the large square of wire-latticed glass that composed most of the upper part of the door.

Tyler nervously pushed the door open and stepped inside. He was confronted by a damp blasting of humid air that hit him with the force of an actual physical assault. Tyler felt his clothes seem to go limp all around his muscular young body. Moisture not yet beaded to actual sweat began to gloss his face and neck.

"Walters, make those feet break the water when you kick them!" someone yelled, the voice sounding somehow swallowed up by the moisture saturating the air.

Tyler had arrived on the top cement tier that topped a descending stairway of similar tiers, the bottom one of which was separated from the pool area by a metal railing.

Tyler waited a few minutes, adjusting to the change in temperature, surveying the premises. The area, which would have been filled to capacity during any of the college swim meets, was virtually empty at the present.

There was a beginning swimming class in progress. Tyler caught sight of the swimming coach, Mark Flemming, walking along the far length of the pool and calling out instructions to one of the swimmers.

“Kick, Walters, kick! Hard! Hard! Harder!”

The kid in the water, obviously named something Walters (students were almost always addressed by their last names by the faculty), stopped swimming altogether and began splashing somewhat frantically. His gasping was readily audible.

“Walters, for Christ’s sake!” Coach Flemming shouted loudly. Mark Flemming was the only one of the several people in the water and standing along the pool who was wearing a swimming suit. “You’re not going to drown. You’re only in five feet of water, for shit sakes!”

Mark crossed his arms over his chest, shaking his head in evident frustration as Walters finally realized his feet could touch bottom. The flailing arms came to a halt.

“Walters, you had better get your ass in gear,” Mark Flemming said, kneeling down on one knee by the pool. The way Mark was positioned, Tyler could see the large bulge Mark’s cock and balls were making in the man’s swimsuit.

Tyler had seen Mark’s cock naked on several different occasions. Being a member of the varsity swim team, Tyler was always there whenever Mark decided to shower with the guys. Mark’s cock wasn’t overly long, but it was as thick as a beer can. Its circumcised head was an enormous mushrooming...

Tyler shook his head, clearing it of any thoughts of Mark Flemming’s cock. Not that, he quickly informed himself, there was really anything wrong in thinking about it. It wasn’t as if Tyler were queer or anything—interested that way in what Mark Flemming had anchored between his hairy thighs. Shit no! It was just that Tyler, like any red-blooded American male, was usually interested in checking out the competition.

“Chambers, is that you up there?” Mark called, having glanced up and seen Tyler standing on the top tier.

“Had to meet my roommate in a couple of minutes down in the locker room, and so I thought I’d stop by here to check out the next year swim team,” Tyler said, taking the steps necessary to bring him down from the top to the bottom level.

And, why in the hell didn’t he go into his whole life history while he was at it? He didn’t owe Mark Flemming any lengthy explanations for his presence here. A simple yes or no would have been sufficient.

Mark Flemming, though, certainly hadn’t taken Tyler’s answer as anything out of the ordinary.

“You’re going to have to look far and wide to find anything here for the varsity,” Mark said. He walked around the end of the pool and headed over to where Tyler had taken up a leaning against the railing. “If these silly-assed bastards were rats on a sinking ship, they’d have to go down with it. I’m always amazed by how many guys get as far as college without learning how to swim. Certainly not all of them could have been born and raised in the middle of the Mohave Desert.”

Tyler shrugged and gave a smile. Mark Flemming, after all, was an okay guy. Somewhere in his late thirties, he was a good-looking man, too. He hadn’t let himself go to pot. He still had a chest with well-delineated pectorals, a belly with well-muscled abdominals. His arms and legs had those ropy swimmer’s muscles. His cock was...

“They’re hopeless,” Mark said, giving Tyler a wide grin that pulled his sensuous lips over large white teeth.

Tyler Chambers was one of Mark’s favorite members of the swim team varsity. Tyler could really swim. If Mark would have had his way, Tyler would have dropped out of track, and gymnastics, and tennis, and devoted himself exclusively to swimming. It was okay trying to show everyone that you were a super jock; but, my God, turning out for four sports was possibly spreading yourself a bit thin, especially if you only wanted to impress some girl into letting you get in her pants. Because Tyler had the type of dark good looks that the dames would have been drooling over even if Tyler had been some studious bookworm who didn’t know a football from a hockey puck. Mark bet Tyler’s tousled black hair, light blue eyes, and classical features could really get those girls panting like sixty.

Not that Mark had any complaints about Tyler's performance. If he had, he would have been more adamant in trying to persuade Tyler to stick just to swimming. But when Tyler continually came in with top points, there wasn't much of an argument that Mark could put up that he hadn't tried already.

"I mean they are really hopeless!" Mark emphasized. He turned momentarily from Mark and bellowed to a group of students who had gathered by the diving boards. "In the water, you guys! This is a swim class and not a gossip session."

"Looks like Walters was having a bit of trouble," Tyler commented when Mark had turned his attention back to him.

Why did Tyler feel his eyes being slowly drawn again and again to Mark's crotch. At least twice, Tyler had caught himself before becoming obvious.

"The bastard gives up too soon," Mark said disgustedly. "He gets a little tired, and he just quits. The stupid little shit has got a pair of legs on him that could kick him from here to China and back without his ever having to use his arms. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with him." Mark leaned closer to Mark, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Just between you, me, and the gatepost, I think maybe our Mr. Walters is more interested in watching his naked classmates than he is in learning any swimming techniques."

Why did that snide remark make a hot flash turn Tyler's flesh even warmer than it already was?

"And if that's true," Mark went on conspiratorially, "some broad is really going to be heartsick. If you get a chance before you leave to take a look at Walters when he's out of the water, tell me if he doesn't have the sexual equipment of an elephant."

Tyler felt his flesh growing hotter. He thought frantically of something to say in reply. Tyler always felt uneasy and uncomfortable when someone pointed out a gay to him.

Mark, though, apparently hadn't necessarily been expecting a reply.

"Anyway, take a look if you get the chance," Mark said, and then he changed the subject completely. "And, you get your ass down here for some

extra practice this weekend. I'm still saying that with a little more practice you could knock a couple more seconds off your time."

"Chances are I'll be out of town this weekend," Tyler said.

Over Mark's shoulder, Tyler could see Walters treading water near the middle of the pool. The refracting water distorted the boy's body from his neck on down. If the kid was hung like an elephant, Tyler couldn't tell it from his present angle of observation. Was Tyler really all that interested?

Sure, he was interested. But then, what in the hell was unusual about that? Mark was interested enough, and Mark was about as straight as a guy could get. Mark shook his head in response to this latest revelation of Tyler.

"You take my word for it, Chambers. You cut out all plans of getting pussy this weekend and settle down to swimming. You've got your whole life to cat around. You've only got four years to break all those collegiate swimming records."

"It's not definite that I'm going," Tyler admitted. Which was true. That was why he'd come looking for Kroner. He had to find out if his roommate could get away. If Kroner could, then one of the Boeing 747's were being delivered to the PacAir terminal in San Francisco's International Airport. Tyler's dad had said his son and college roommate could hitch a ride and then head back with a friend who was flying his private plane out late Sunday night.

"And don't you make it definite, either," Mark said. He stepped back, giving indication that he was about to return to his teaching task; but, he turned back to Tyler at the last minute. "Just because you're good, does not mean there isn't room for improvement. Got it?"

"Got it!" Mark said with a smile, giving Mark the thumbs-up sign with his right hand.

Mark turned back to his class, giving it the once over to see who was goofing off. It didn't take him too long to pinpoint two procrastinators.

"Wilcox! Murray! If the two of you don't start playing porpoise in that pool, I'm going to see you around again next quarter!"

Tyler leaned against the railing and watched, hoping to give an impression of being interested but not really interested. He checked the

large wall clock over the far door that led into the showers. He still had about five minutes before he had to head for the locker room for his proposed meeting with Kroner.

Tyler then scanned the faces in the water, almost immediately singling out Walters. Tyler recalled Marks' hardly veiled insinuations. Had Mark been serious or just kidding because he had been ticked off at the kid's performance in the pool?

Walters had dark hair, cut short. He had an attractive face that was nowhere near being really exceptionally handsome. He looked like any kid-next-door. He certainly didn't look like a queer.

But then what did a queer look like? Oh, Tyler was certainly aware of all the stereotypes: the limp wrists, the swishing gate, the lilting voice. But, he was also aware that homosexuals didn't all fall into that convenient standardization.

For one, there was Larry Frank. One of the guys—Cooper Greg, wasn't it?—had pointed Larry out to Tyler one afternoon in the Student Union Building over hamburgers.

"Wouldn't know that rugged bastard was a cock sucker, would you?" Cooper had asked, nudging Tyler and then nodding toward the guy who was running the gauntlet of tables and chairs with a full tray of dishes and food.

"I wouldn't let him hear you say that," Tyler had said, giving a laugh. At the time, he had actually thought "cock sucker" was Cooper's way of saying Larry Frank was a "bastard," or an "asshole."

"I mean, he really likes to swing on cock," Cooper had then whispered, realizing Tyler hadn't gotten the point. "He's gay and admits it. He'd probably tell you to your face if you asked him."

And Tyler had gotten that uneasy feeling he always got when he and his friends ended up knocking the queers.

"The bastard certainly doesn't look like a fairy, does he?" Cooper asked.

"You can sure as hell say that again," Tyler mumbled.

"The bastard certainly doesn't look like a fairy, does he?" Cooper obliged by repeating himself, giving Tyler an accompanying silly grin.

“You are an asshole!” Tyler had said, slugging Cooper in the arm—hard.

And what in the hell had that butch display of punching Coopers arm proved?

Tyler’s thoughts came back to the Walters kid who had just swam to the far side of the pool and was hanging to the edge. His body moved upward, clearing the water to his waist and then slipping back down again.

So, Walters didn’t look like a queer. And the guy in the SUB hadn’t looked like a queer. And, Tanner Perry hadn’t looked like a queer, either. Had he?

Tanner Perry: high-school coach. Tanner Perry: all-American long-distance runner, butch, handsome. Tanner Perry: blue eyes, blond hair, exceptional physique. Tanner Perry: caught fucking Jerry Waffle in the gym locker room.

Tyler tried not to think of Tanner Perry. Because Tyler had really liked Tanner. Really liked him. He had liked him more than he had liked anybody up until that time and since—with the possible exception of his present roomie Kroner Kranston.

How many times had Tanner patted Tyler on the ass, or given him an affectionate hug, or tousled Tyler’s hair? And, it hadn’t all been innocent, had it? Anyway, it hadn’t been innocent when Tanner had patted Jerry Waffle’s ass, given Jerry an affectionate hug, tousled Jerry’s hair.

How had Tanner and Jerry looked there in the gym locker room? Had Tanner’s huge and blood-engorged cock been rammed to its hairy balls up Jerry’s tight and rubbery asshole? Had Tanner’s ass cheeks dimpled each time he had fucked his vein-latticed cock deep up Jerry’s rectum? Had Tanner moaned out his pleasure as his lust-bloated balls were hoisted upward in Tanner’s contracting scrotum? Had Jerry squealed like a stuck pig? Had Tanner gotten his nuts off before he was discovered? Had Tanner’s creamy, viscous sperm basted Jerry Waffle’s prostate gland with a flooding of ropy streamers made of hot male cum? Was any of that cum pulled out with the vacuum accompanying the final withdrawal of Tanner’s blood-swollen prick?

Jerry Waffle. Why Jerry Waffle? What had Tanner Perry ever—EVER—seen in Jerry? Jerry had been skinny: skinny ass, skinny arms, skinny legs. You could see his rib cage, could have counted the ribs if you had been so inclined. He hadn't even had a big cock—certainly not by comparison with what Tyler had between his legs.

Tyler pushed himself away from the railing. He headed up the stairs to the door at the top. He didn't bother to watch Teddy Walters pull himself out of the water and turn his flaccid eleven-inch cock in Tyler's direction.

CHAPTER TWO

Tyler Chambers and the painful hard-ons he gave Kroner Kranston: that was the answer.

Now, what was the question?

Why was Kroner Kranston in the field house with the assistant track coach, Max Blaine, when Kroner really didn't find Max all that attractive? That was the question. And Kroner asked it of himself one more time, coming up with the same inevitable answer.

Tyler Chambers: one hell of a handsome, butch, dark-complected, black-haired, stud jock. Tyler Chambers: unfortunately about as straight as they came. If Tyler had any homosexual tendencies, he had certainly managed to mask them from Kroner. And Kroner had had a whole lifetime of ferreting gays out of their closets, ever since he had first discovered how much he loved getting his cock sucked, and how much he loved sucking cock.

Kroner had met Tyler at the beginning of their freshman year. Tyler had already been on campus for the couple of weeks of fraternity rushing prior to the commencement of classes. Tyler was in the process of pledging one of the better jock-oriented fraternities—the same one his father had pledged before him.

Tyler and Kroner had turned out for freshman gymnastics, both having excelled in the sports during high school. The two young men had immediately hit it off. As a matter of fact, Kroner had also hit it off with several of Tyler's frat brothers; so well, as a matter of fact, that Kroner was soon asked to join.

Kroner had said no. He had made up some flimsy little excuse about wanting to be independent, et cetera, et cetera, not wanting to be another member of the conforming minority, and so on and so forth. The real reason, of course, had been that Kroner had a proposed four years of college ahead of him, and he'd had little intention of going through those years pretending to be one more of the heterosexual jock contingency. Kroner had been gay for about as long as he could remember; and, just because he

didn't broadcast the fact or look the part of the traditional flaming faggot, did not mean that he planned to go without male cock or male ass during his whole college career.

Kroner had heard all about the fraternity functions, the bringing in of whores to satisfy the boys. Kroner didn't particularly find that idea at all appealing. Oh, he had no doubt that he could have performed sexually with a woman if he had to—when he shut his eyes he could imagine most anything being a male—but Kroner had seen no possible reason why he should have undergone something he found more than a little distasteful, especially just to prove he was “one of the boys.”

The problem arose, however, when Kroner got completely stuck on Tyler Chambers. Completely stuck on him. Which was ridiculous! Of all the people Kroner could have chosen to get himself emotionally involved with, it certainly shouldn't have been Tyler Chambers. The very idea of such a thing was fraught with unfulfilled frustrations.

Can a gay find happiness loving a straight-as-a-stick jock? Any fool would have the answer to that on the tip of his tongue: NO!

Yet, what the mind will realize as fact, the heart will just as quickly reject. The simple truth was, Kroner was excited enough just by being with and around Tyler Chambers—whether they ever got around to doing anything sexual or not—that he found their relationship satisfactory as it stood. Although, it was a bit one-sided as far as real emotional involvement went. Because, while it was obvious to everyone that Tyler and Kroner were one of those college “items” known as jock buddies, Kroner always daydreamed they might be something more.

A time came when Kroner began to regret all the times he could have been with Tyler but wasn't. He began to begrudge Tyler's fraternity all the occasions it put a claim on Tyler's free time.

Thus it came about, in a moment of extreme weakness, mellowed as he was by several gallons of beer brought out in celebration of Hamcroft University having taken the intercollegiate gymnastics championship, and floating as he was in the exquisite euphoria of having Tyler squashed up against him in a small booth built for four but holding eight people, Kroner had been asked once again to pledge Tyler's fraternity.

And, God help him, he had said yes.

Which actually hadn't turned out at first to be quite as bad as Kroner had expected it might be. After the bullshit of hazing and going through initiation (neither which had, to Kroner's extreme relief, included his having to fuck a whore or anyone else of the opposite gender), Kroner found his life pretty much as it had been before. Kroner, after all, had never brought any of his tricks back to his dorm; so, he now simply just didn't bring any back to the fraternity.

Kroner's biggest trial, however, had at first appeared as something God-sent. Kroner had soon come to find out, though, that it was nothing of the sort.

The guy who had been rooming with Tyler—Tony Foilinger—hadn't been able to keep up his grade average and had decided to move off campus and out of the social whirl of Greek Row for a quarter. And Kroner had ended up sharing a room with Tyler.

If Kroner's frustrations had been bad before, those were nothing compared to what Kroner felt each night, knowing Tyler's luscious body (Tyler always slept in the nude), was only a few short steps away.

Kroner soon found himself going around with painful hard-ons that, more often than not, set in about seven o'clock in the evening when he and Tyler were closeted together for the fraternity's regularly scheduled study hours, and which usually went away—with luck—some time the next morning during Kroner's first class.

Kroner was continually thankful that he didn't get erections while with Tyler in the locker room. Maybe Kroner didn't do so only because his lifetime of sports activities and mingling with the guys in the dressing rooms, had conditioned his body not to respond when such a response would have been a dead give-away and hold Kroner up for ridicule. Besides, when there were so many naked male bodies running around, it was never quite the turn-on it was when Tyler, alone, entered their room, fresh from his shower, the only thing hiding his naked sex from view being the damp towel he invariably fastened so carelessly around his muscled abdomen.

As a matter of fact, it was just one such vision of Tyler, now playing through Kroner's mind—and not so much the fact that Max Blaine was even then dropping his gym shorts—that made Kroner's cock give a throbbing beat and leak pre-seminal juices to Kroner's jockstrap.

Not that Max Blaine was a dog. Because, he wasn't. Not by any long stretch of the imagination. Most likely, there would have been a time in the not too distant past—before Tyler—when Kroner would have found Max rather attractive.

Max had brown hair, cut short. He had brown eyes, nondescript nose, lips that were possibly a trifle too thin. He had a square jaw, and a deep cleft in his chin. He had a muscled ass—now brought into clear view—and his cock was nice-size without being enormous.

Max leaned both of his hands against the wall, his buttocks aimed in Kroner's direction. He looked over his right shoulder, swallowing hard as he watched Kroner's large hands lost inside Kroner's shorts and shifting to unbind Kroner's cock and balls from the elastic containing sock.

"Fuck me, stud. Fuck me," Max said.

Kroner had all intentions of doing just that. Besides, fucking Max was a hell of a lot safer than screwing around with any of Kroner's fellow students. Fuck a college guy, and there was always the chance he would get drunk and spill the beans. Kroner, after all, was a big jock on this campus, wasn't he? Captain of the varsity gymnastics team, wasn't he? Max, on the same hand, was an assistant track coach, and could thus be counted on to keep his mouth shut. Max had a hell of a lot to lose if it were ever discovered he was gay—especially gay and playing around with his students.

Kroner was a bit uneasy, though, in knowing that Max wasn't just dropping his pants on a regular basis for Kroner. The more students who Max fucked around with, the more apt Max's activities would eventually be discovered. And if—and when—that happened, there was a chance Kroner might find himself caught up in the snowballing effect of any resulting investigation.

Not that being gay was all that big a stigma as it used to be, especially on a university campus. There was even a gay service organization on

campus that was sanctioned by the University student body. It was just that when you were into sports like Kroner was into sports, and when you spent a lot of time with the guys in one form of undress or another like Kroner did, then there was no way rapport could have been maintained if you had the reputation for being a fag. And Kroner feared discovery more than ever now, because of his attachment to Tyler Chambers. Kroner doubted his and Tyler's friendship would have survived Tyler's finding out that Kroner was gay. Because if it did ever get out, the rumor would quickly have gotten around—if just because of Tyler and Kroner's close association—that Tyler was gay, too. Tyler, to protect his own reputation, would have quickly had to sever all of his ties to Kroner.

It wasn't just the fact that Max Blaine's promiscuity was a threat. It was also Max's apparent penchant for conducting sex in places which weren't exactly the safest. Obviously, Max got a certain vicarious turn-on by the very fact that he could be discovered by fucking around in public places like the University field house. Not that now wasn't as safe a time as any to be here. The building was supposedly empty during this period, the Army ROTC not coming in for at least another forty-five minutes.

Of course, Kroner was also disturbed by his own willingness to unbind his cock and balls, pry his blood-engorged penis out through his left shorts leg, and stick his massive stiffness up Max's rubbery asshole. Knowing the risk he was running, Kroner should have said no when Max asked him to take a walk with him. Kroner should have said no now instead of walking his erect meatiness over to the target area centering the crease of Max's ass buns.

But Kroner had just been too horny as of late to turn down the chance to relieve his cum-bulged nuts—especially after what had happened last night. Because, last night Kroner had come awake, knowing for a fact that Tyler had been masturbating in the next bed. And Kroner had hardly been able to control his urge to get up, go over to Tyler, bury his face between Tyler's legs, and suck up all Tyler's luscious man-juices. What a goddamn shame to have wasted all of that goodness into a pumping hand and a few wads of Kleenex! Kroner had ended up with such a case of blue balls as a result of his frustration that he hadn't gotten to sleep for most the rest of the night.

“Come on, stud. Come on,” Max was encouraging, anxious—OH, GOD, HOW ANXIOUS—to have the feel of Kroner’s hard cock again jabbing his anus without mercy.

Max especially liked getting fucked by the really butch-looking studs like Kroner. There was just no way Kroner looked like a typical queer was supposed to look like. Kroner was all man. He was six feet of muscled, tanned, Nordic god. His well-developed pectorals pressed their outline against Kroner’s molding, sweaty T-shirt. The kid’s sculptured legs, fuzzed with blond hair, were naked below Kroner’s shorts. Kroner’s cock and balls, now freed to jut out through the space made available by Kroner’s peeling back his left short leg, was a huge display of sexual assertiveness. Kroner had eight inches of hard cock meat just made for fucking tight male ass.

“Bury that meaty stiffness of yours right down to your cum-fattened balls,” Max said, trembling as Kroner’s left hand worked open Max’s ass buns, as Kroner’s right hand guided his pulpy cock head to Max’s winking pucker.

“Yea, I’m going to screw your asshole real good,” Kroner whispered, glancing nervously around just to make doubly sure they were alone. It was fucking difficult, though, to tell for certain. The large vacuous building contained myriad areas of dark shadow, within which any number of people could have been standing, watching, shocked at having found out that Kroner Kranston was “one of those queers.”

“Yes, screw my asshole deep,” Max said, knowing that when Kroner’s cock was inside Max’s bowel, it would indeed be in deep. “Make it hurt real good like the last time. Huh, stud? Make the pain really beautiful, like only you know how to do.”

Kroner’s cock, its corona nudging Max’s ass pucker, was ready to penetrate Max’s rectum.

Kroner stripped his cock neck, his gripping fingers milking his sexual tubing for a deluge of clear pre-seminal juices that drooled to Max’s pucker and stuck there.

Max waited, anticipated the ecstasy he knew was soon coming. He thanked his lucky stars for the day Kroner Kranston had come into his life. There were few of his students Max enjoyed more than he did Kroner. Few

had this boy's looks and masculine physique. More importantly, few of them had Kroner's expertise at fucking. Kroner was a pro. Really a pro. And that was what Bob Wineself had told Max. Bob was a friend of a friend who had gotten his ass plugged by Kroner's fat cock. Max hadn't, at first, believed a word of it. Kroner had just looked too butch, too straight. But Max had diplomatically gone out to find out. And after a couple of months of feeling each other out (mentally, rather than the more enjoyable physically), Max and Kroner had made it for the first time, followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth...

Lately, Max had noticed, Kroner was exceptionally horny. Or, maybe that was just because of Kroner's young age. Max could remember when he was younger, when his balls had no sooner emptied once than they were ready to shoot off again... and again... and again.

"Ohhhhhhhh, Jesus... yes!" Max groaned suddenly.

Kroner had pushed his hips forward. His cock head had penetrated Max's sphincter ring. Max's concaving pucker had given way beneath the pressure of Kroner's blunt cock corona against it. The mouth of Max's rectum had yawned open, gulping up a good two inches of Kroner's meaty stiffness.

Max wiggled his ass. He consciously willed his experienced anal muscles to relax. As he did so, he felt the luxurious sliding of even more of Kroner's blood-engorged penis up Max's rectum.

"Like that, don't you, bastard?" Kroner asked, his voice breathless as he slowly placed more of his cock up Max's tightly clutching anal slot. "You really like the ramming into your guts of my bugging prick, don't you? Don't you?"

"Yes... yes... oh, Jesus, yes," Max groaned, pushing his buttocks back over Kroner's cock so that his anus could sit down even deeper over Kroner's meaty turgidness.

Max's ass, no matter how many times it had been screwed in the past, was tight. But as tight as it was, it managed to adjust to its present cock-sticking.

"Sweet... sweet... Jesus!" Max grunted gutturally as he felt Kroner's youthful and muscular belly finally connect with Max's ass cheeks. "Are

you in, stud? Huh? Are you in all the way to your cum-bulged balls?”

“All the way, butch,” Kroner informed, grinding his belly against Max’s buttocks to make sure the cock was delved up Max’s anus as far as it could possibly go. Kroner’s hung scrotum chafed along the cheeks of Max’s thoroughly stuffed ass.

Kroner slipped his hands, one around each side of Max’s body, to the man’s muscled chest. Kroner’s exploring fingers could detect Max’s nipples. Those nipples betrayed their hardness even through the shielding cloth of Max’s university T-shirt.

Kroner dropped his hands downward, gliding them over the ridged flatness of Max’s belly, finally contacting Max’s bare flesh where the man’s shirt-tail ended and his crotch began.

“Want me to beat your meat while I fuck your spasming asshole?” Kroner whispered. “Want me to whip your blood-engorged cock until it blows out steamy gobs of cum to web my hand? Huh, bastard, huh?”

“Beat my cock... Fuck my ass,” Max grunted, punctuating with a long and guttural groaning as Kroner’s large hands found and fisted Max’s swollen penis.

Kroner’s fingers had taken Max’s cock in an experienced stranglehold. Kroner’s thumbs had crossed over the cock back, his fingers interlaced beneath the cock belly.

Kroner fucked. He fucked his cock in Max’s asshole. He fucked his hands over Max’s cock. He coordinated his cock and his hand movements. As his cock was withdrawing, his fingers were gliding upward along the shaft of Max’s penis. As Kroner was plowing his cock back deep into Max’s asshole, his hand was drawing loose skin downward along the stiff inner hardness of Max’s cock.

Max began to roll his ass in sensuous little circles, enjoying the feeling inherent in the stirring of Kroner’s hard male cock inside of Max’s rubbery anus.

Kroner, as he achieved a smooth and easy fucking rhythm, shut his eyes and burrowed his forehead into the space formed by the meeting of Max’s left shoulder and neck.

Kroner, unbeknownst to Max, was letting his fantasies slip away with him. No longer was Kroner fucking Max Blaine. Oh, no! Kroner, at least in his mind, was now fucking Tyler Chambers.

With each push and pull of his blood-bulged cock up Max's anal corridor, Kroner was really pumping Tyler's gripping rectum in his mind. Each time Kroner's balls squashed with delightful aching against Max's ass, they were mashing against Tyler's buns in Kroner's mind. Each time Max's anal muscles masturbated Kroner's fucking penis, it was Tyler's asshole Kroner was fantasizing as being busy stripping Kroner's turgid meatiness toward its explosion.

“Uggggggghhhhhh!”

It was Tyler and not Max who grunted and groaned in response to the building ecstasy.

It was Tyler's cock that was growing sopped with leaking pre-seminal juices in Kroner's beating fingers. It was Tyler's cock that was growing harder and hotter because of the friction arising from the tight gripping of Kroner's masturbating hands.

It was Tyler's anal walls which collapsed against Kroner's cock, causing the fucked asshole to burn hot around Kroner's screwing mass of hardness.

“I'm going to fuck... your ass. I'm going to... beat... your... meat. I'm going to... cream... cream... cream... so deep up your asshole you're going to taste it in your mouth and feel my cock head tickling your tonsils.”

It was Tyler to whom Kroner grunted, to whom he groaned, to whom he made his promises of infinite pleasure. And it was Tyler who answered “Yes, stud. Oh, fucking, yes. Fuck me... deeper... deeper. Screw... me... harder... agggggghhhrrrrr... harder. Oh, stud... oh, you... lovely... lovely... stud. Jesus! Oh, Jesus. OH, JESUS!”

It wasn't the first time Kroner had fucked Max Blaine and mentally substituted Tyler Chambers into Max's place. As a matter of fact, Kroner had had no sex lately—whether masturbation, fellatio, or anal sex—which hadn't involved fantasies of Tyler. Always Tyler. Where Kroner knew guys who imagined themselves fucking big black Negro bucks, or getting fucked by dogs, or getting blown by slant-eyed Orientals, with Kroner it was

Tyler... Tyler... Tyler. Kroner's continually growing needs and wants for Tyler were kept in check only by his realization of what would happen to their relationship if Kroner ever did allow his desires to spill out into the open.

"AAAAAGGGGHHHHHRRRRRRR!" Max moaned animalistically as Kroner's fat cock once again pounded into Max's bruised prostate.

Max wondered if Kroner was about to explode up his ass. Because Max knew that he was going to be able to hold out for only a few seconds longer—whether Kroner was ready to blast or not. As many times as Max had been fucked by male studs, as many times as he had now been fucked by this particular stud, there was just no way Max could hold off indefinitely. Not with his asshole being screwed to a delicious rawness. Not with his cock being beaten to a friction-reddened stiffness.

"Oh goddamn it, stud... I'm close," Max mumbled. "I'm so... fucking... fucking... close."

"Hang on, bastard!" Kroner commanded, his hips moving into a faster pumping gear. "Hold on... just... a few... seconds... longer."

"Hurry!" Max begged, wondering if all his years of experience would allow him to stop for even an instant the riptide which had been turned loose inside of him.

"Give... me... a... second... a second... a second," Kroner chanted. His belly slapped hard against Max's ass. His hands pounded unmercifully over Max's already primed and ready-to-blast hardness.

And Tyler Chambers watched it all from the shadows, unbelieving what he was seeing, what he was hearing.

It was madness: this erotic homosexual tableau that had Tyler's best friend plowing Max Blaine's asshole. It was lewd! It was obscene! It was degenerate and filthy!

AND, WHY WAS TYLER'S COCK SO PAINFULLY HARD IN HIS PANTS?

"I'm sorry... stud... I'm sorry... sorry... sorry," Max moaned, knowing that there was nothing on God's green earth that could stem the deluge one moment longer. His time had arrived. And there was no way—NO WAY—

anyone was going to make it go away. No matter how much Max might have wanted to delay a few minutes more, no matter how frantically Kroner might continue to beg for a few... more... seconds...

“OH, MY GOD, YOU BASTARD, I’M CREAMING... I’M CREAMING... I’M... UGH... FUCKING... UGH... FUCKING... SHIT... CREAMING... MY... UGH... CREAM... MY... CUM... PUMP IT... PUMP IT... OH, HOLY SHIT, PUMPITPUMPITPUMPITPUMP-IT!”

One final time, Kroner placed his long, fat, massive penis up Max’s spasming asshole. He left it there, reveling in the ecstasy of having Max’s bowel expand and then contract in accompaniment to the orgasmic pulsings that were spurting Kroner’s hands with cream and splattering the field house wall with large, slug-like trailings of male cum.

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHRRRR! YOU SEXY, SEXY, JOCK!” Kroner grunted to his phantom lover.

Wave after shuddering wave of ecstasy washed suddenly through Kroner’s body. Wad after sticky wad of Kroner’s cream blasted free of his throbbing cock eye and strung Max’s climaxing bowel with opaque spermal ribbons.

Tyler, strangely sickened and excited by the exhibition, turned and left the field house, his mind refusing to believe even yet what he’d just witnessed. It couldn’t be! It just couldn’t be! Could it? Could it?

And, they had caught Tanner Perry fucking Jerry Waffle in the high school gym locker room. And, Tyler had really liked Tanner. Had REALLY liked him. Tyler had liked him more than he had liked anybody up until that time and since—with the possible exception of Tyler’s present roomie Kroner Kranston.

KRONER, YOU FUCKING QUEER BASTARD! HOW COULD YOU... HOW COULD YOU... HOW COULD YOU? AND WITH MAX BLAINE, FOR CHRIST’S SAKE!

CHAPTER THREE

There had been five of them in Nam. They had given themselves the nickname “Spartans.” To others, the name seemed to point to the fact that all five of the men were such fighters—each having been decorated more than once before his term of service ended. However, for the five, the name had meant something more than just the fact that they were all damned good in battle situations. It had had certain nuances that hinted of something Charles Kenerly—the group’s official leader—had once read; although Charles couldn’t remember where or when he had read it. He couldn’t even remember if those other men he had read about had really even been Spartans or part of one of the other Greek city states. He did know, though, that what he’d read had been about Greeks. But, Charles didn’t like the idea of being termed simply “Greek.” That particular designation might have hinted of other things—homosexuality for instance.

And while Charles and his little band of men had all been gay, none of them had wanted any such stigma attached to them. They were, after all, soldiers; and, Uncle Sam refused to look kindly on overt homosexuality, no matter how many ribbons and purple hearts bedecked a queer’s uniform.

So, the men had settled on the name Spartans. Because somewhere in Greece, at sometime or another, there had been another group of men who were not only soldiers but lovers—and had fought more valiantly because of their having been the latter.

Not that Charles and his men were lovers (even gay lovers), as most people would have defined love. Since they were five, an odd number, they had early decided that love on any one-to-one basis between them, where any definite pairings might have taken place, would have endangered rather than strengthened their relationship. After all, pairings would have always left one man out. And, there was enough trouble on the battlefield without waiting to get stabbed in the back by someone who was supposed to be a friend: stabbed only because everyone else was getting cock and ass while this one poor sucker was left out in the cold.

They had all five, therefore, shared the good times (there had been damned few of those in the war), shared the bad times (there had been

plenty of those), and shared sex—always as a group. Their indiscriminate matings with each other brought them all close—as, of course, did the fact that they were a small drop of gayness in a prevailing sea of heterosexuality.

They were proud—if secretive—of being gay. They were proud of being men. They were proud of being soldiers. They were protective of these things, and therefore, protective of each other. They were more than just family. They were united by strong bonds that were even more secure than just blood would have been. They had, after all, endured hell, stuck together through it all, and had all come out of it alive. That all five had somehow survived Nam and that bloodbath meant that they had beaten some pretty large odds against their doing just that.

When they were all safely back in the States, they had gotten together in San Francisco, having decided to fly to Hawaii for a week of fun in the sun. Their plane, leaving the San Francisco airport hadn't quite reached lift-off speed when its landing gear had collapsed near the end of the runway.

After the resulting holocaust, there were only three remaining of the original Spartan five: Charles Kenerly, Peter Brodin, Kevin Danton. Where all of them had somehow managed to survive the slaughter and the dangers of a war, they had been separated by a faulty piece of civilian airline equipment.

Oh, of course, no one else was going to admit the airplane had been less than in perfect running order. Christ, no! To begin with, all the airlines had powerful lobbies in Washington. And, everyone knew by now that a few well-placed dollars could successfully cover up any scandal. The FAC investigation of the crash had blamed a simultaneous blowout of two tires.

Bullshit! Charles Kenerly, Peter Brodin, and Kevin Danton knew what had happened. Some shitty airline company, out to cut costs by allowing faulty planes on flights, had managed to kill off two of the most important people in these three men's lives—where hundreds of thousands of enemy gooks had been unable to do so.

Well, by God, someone was going to pay for those two deaths! And, they were going to pay through the nose!

And that day of reckoning wasn't off somewhere in the distant future, either. Because Charles, Peter, and Kevin had made a definite commitment to each other while Peter had still been in the hospital being treated for injuries he had received in the explosion.

Actually, engaged in their conspiracy of revenge, the three remaining Spartans had found themselves feeling far more alive than they had since they had returned from Nam and to civilian life. They were suddenly back to doing something they had become expert at: playing war. Which sure as hell beat the shit out of the garage job Charles had gotten, or the aluminum mill job Peter had gotten, or the construction work Kevin had been doing after their return to the States.

Their battle plan was simple: steal a PacAir plane, collect a ransom for it, fly it off to a safe country. By a safe country, all three men agreed their best bet was Cuba. While Cuba had, in the past, arrested hijackers who had landed there, none of those hijackers had arrived on the scene with quite the background these three men had. Charles, Peter, and Kevin figured that, what with Castro's involvement in the guerrilla wars raging in several African countries, Castro probably would welcome with open arms three men who could give his army some valuable training. In spite of frequent indications that diplomatic relations were opening up between Cuba and the U.S., which wouldn't have been helped any by a landing in Cuba, the Spartans felt certain that some suitable cover story could be arranged. Like, maybe, they had resisted arrest in Havana and been killed. That would have salved the U.S. gripes and left Charles, Peter, and Kevin free to play instructors for Cuban troops heading for Africa. As for the ransom money the three would have collected from PacAir for the plane? Well, according to the Cubans, it could have turned up missing: convenient and certainly feasible. And the three men were very sure they could manage quite well in Cuba on the five-million dollars (one million for each of the original five members of their group; or, if you would, two-and-a-half million per death), they were planning to ask PacAir to fork over to get its 747 back safe and sound.

They were smart enough to realize that the airline companies, made wise by a few years of dealing with hijackers, were pretty well set up to prevent their attack at any major terminals. The three men, therefore, had decided not to even run the risk of trying to smuggle firearms in through the

metal detectors set up at most airports. They decided to grab their plane elsewhere.

PacAir had lost a plane, hadn't it? The chances were very good that the company would be purchasing a replacement. Right? From whom? Well, as it turned out, and as the three men had managed to turn up, PacAir would get their new plane from the Boeing test facilities outside of Hamcroft. While those facilities turned out to have pretty stringent security, they weren't impenetrable—as the three men had soon discovered. And who, after all, was expecting anyone to grab a plane right out of the hands of the manufacturer? All major hijackings up until then had taken place during commercial air flights, hadn't they? Catching an opponent off guard by surprising him was half the battle; anyway, that's how the three remaining members of the Spartans looked at it.

And, today was the big day. They had decided to do it in daylight. No one ever seemed to expect daylight action. Even in Nam if you could pull a maneuver in the bright sunlight, you could usually surprise the enemy with his pants down.

The Boeing Hamcroft plant was right across the street. The 747, at least the tail of it, painted the PacAir colors of blue and green, could be seen between two hangars in the distance whenever anyone looked out of the front window of the house the three men had rented.

Charles moved to the window and pulled the drapes closed. He then turned back to his two companions.

"You've both got the operation down pat?"

"Affirmative," Peter answered.

Kevin merely nodded yes.

"It's go, then," Charles said, looking at his wristwatch. "Synchronize please at sixteen-hundred-and-ten-seconds. Minus one hour until go."

"Check," Peter said, his hand adjusting the stem of his own watch.

"Check," Kevin echoed.

Charles began to slowly strip off his clothes. Kevin and Peter took their clue and began to do likewise.

What was happening now was part of the prescribed ritual, part of the standard ceremony the five had devised in Nam. Whenever possible, especially before very dangerous assignments, the five—there had been five in Nam—would get together, lock themselves away from everybody. It was rumored the Spartan five were “into mysticism, or meditation, or even biofeedback.” Whatever they were into, it seemed to work. And no one, not even the big brass knocked anything—ANYTHING IN THAT GODDAMNED WAR—that worked.

It hadn’t just been a case of sex—those moments locked away behind closed doors, or in secluded caves, or in jungle hideaways. Not that, each time another of those moments happened, the five hadn’t realized that the sex they were having might possibly be their last. It was also, though, a case of calming the mind as only sex could calm it.

Man was a sexual animal, after all. The times he thought of sex or sex-oriented activities during the course of any given day were staggering. A mind almost occupied with sex was less occupied with it immediately after an orgasm. Charles had read that somewhere, too. Although, as usual, he couldn’t remember when he had read it, or where, he had read it. But, it had all sounded logical. It also followed that a soldier, who had to devote his total attention to the task at hand, would be made a more perfect mechanism for battle if his body was substantially drained of sexual tensions.

Important time, crucial time—Charles had noticed during the course of the war he had participated in—was often lost by men who dropped everything to rape men, women, and children. Charles had seen more than one soldier get shot dead who had become so engrossed in his need to blast his spunk up some Nam pussy or ass on the battlefield that he’d forgotten he was even in a war.

War was a stimulus in itself. If one got too excited, one became worthless. Sex before battle, therefore, was a catharsis, a necessary purification of the body, a toning down of the nervous system in order to be able to function in a clear-headed manner in those very crucial moments in battle when every decision was apt to be a life and death one.

Charles’ shirt came off. His chest was matted with thick black hair. He had more of the same on his arms. More on his legs that came into view when he dropped his pants.

Peter was blond. He looked young. He felt old. There were lines under his eyes, around the corners of his mouth, which shouldn't have been there—which wouldn't have been there if he hadn't fought in that war which was now over. His body was lithe, well-defined, seemingly hairless except for the strands around his cock, under his arms, around each of his coral-tinted nipples, and on his head.

Kevin had dark brown hair, cut short. He, like Peter, had a handsome, boyish face. But his face, like Peter's, had that inherent weariness which was premature aging. His eyes were brown. His lips were full. His body was hard, like the bodies of his companions. He hadn't yet lost that rugged toning he had gotten from his strenuous exercise in the war. He had a furring of brown hair across his pectorals and down the center of his belly.

Charles' cock was big: ten inches. It was uncircumcised. When flaccid, its foreskin cowed the cock corona like a snout. His cock wasn't flaccid now, though. The prepuce was pulled back, forming a turtle necking just beneath the flaring of the heart-shaped glans from the cock neck.

Peter's cock was eight inches of solid stiffness. It was circumcised, streamlined. It had clean lines, resembled a bronze rocket poised on a launch pad. Unlike Charles' readily veined cock shaft, Peter's penis showed no visible veins. The boy's balls were hung in a scrotum which was already gathered into a snug bag at the base of his turgid erection.

Kevin's cock was almost as large as Peter's, but not quite. It looked smaller in length than it was, because of its large circumference. Circumcised, there was little variation in its girth from its head to its roots. The cock corona was smaller than would have seemed natural, as if the head had been added as an afterthought. The cock eye was a deep and vicious gashing, wet with pre-seminal drool.

"I'll lead the line. Peter middle. Kevin bring up the rear," Charles said. Even now, as in Nam, he was their leader. He designated positions, always being fair. In Nam, he'd always made sure the one most apt to be exposed to danger on a proposed mission was the one to get the most servicing during the night before.

Now, though, there were only the three of them. Still, they could form their linking and satisfy each other. Peter, it was assumed would take care of

Charles' cock with his hands. Charles, of course, would have preferred fucking a tight ass or a tight mouth. He might even do so if it turned out they had more time when they finished with this position. But, either way, he was leader; and, as leader, he had to think of his men first and foremost—even now.

“Shall I go get lubricant?” Peter asked.

“No,” Charles answered. “This afternoon I want a dry fuck: one I’ll be able to feel. But, how about for your ass?”

“Kevin only needs to milk his cock a few times,” Peter said, knowing from past experience that Kevin’s copious pre-seminal discharge would supply all the lubricant needed for the screwing of Peter’s asshole.

Charles moved to a place in the center of the room. He dropped his arms to his side, moving his hands back to his ass cheeks. He bent forward slightly, pulling his buns open along their crease, revealing a line of sweat-darkened hair and the chocolate wrinkle of his ass mouth.

Peter took his position, using his right hand to push his cock head down along the hair line to the target area. Peter stepped in closer, his cock corona sticking Charles’ pucker and leaving a spot of wet pre-cum juices on the anal eye.

“I don’t want you to be easy, Peter,” Charles said, turning his head slightly over one shoulder. “When we’re done here, I want to know I’ve been screwed.”

Peter’s pelvis maintained enough pressure behind the base of the young man’s positioned cock to keep his stiff meatiness nudged securely against Charles’ ass pucker. Peter placed his left hand on Charles’ left hip, his right hand on Charles’ right hip.

Peter’s hips bucked forward at the same instant Peter’s hands were pulling on Charles’ lower body. For just an instant, it didn’t seem as if either end of Peter’s cock was going to move. Peter’s cock shaft simply bowed noticeably upward in its middle.

“Open up, open up, damn it!” Peter grunted, maintaining his determination to feed Charles’ rectum with unlubricated stiffness. “Jesus, God, open... up!”

And, Charles' asshole did just that. Charles' sphincter ring rolled open like the lens of a camera. Peter's cock came unbowed, stabbing up Charles' bowel. Peter's lower belly followed right on the roots of his cock. As amazing as it seemed, Peter had managed to insert his dry cock in one massive slide. His cock circumference was hot from the resulting friction.

"Oh!" Charles groaned, his mouth open. His mouth then shut and opened again. This time, though, there was no sound. Charles' eyes were wide and blurred with pleasure. Charles' pupil's were large with dilation. Kevin had been watching, his right hand languidly stroking his bulky hardness, his thumb smearing his juices over his cock head, his fingers spreading the lubricating liquid further over his cock neck.

Kevin walked over to take his assigned place behind Peter. He ran his blunt cock head in between the crease of Peter's buttocks, not bothering to use his left hand to reveal Peter's pucker. Kevin knew from experience that he would know the feel of Peter's rubbery ass mouth against his pulpy cock glans when he felt it; and he was right.

Kevin leaned his chest in tight against Peter's back. He reached out his arms around both Peter and Charles, his fingers clamping over the hard nipples punctuating Charles' hairy pectorals.

Three rabbit punches of Kevin's lower body worked his hard penis completely up Peter's rectum. Juiced up as Kevin's penis was, there was no problem in its insertion. The cock lubricated the anus as it went. On the last thrusting, Kevin's hirsute balls swung forward, colliding with the lower curves of Peter's buttocks. A delightfully delicious paining oozed upward from Kevin's testicles and into the pit of the young man's muscled belly.

Peter dropped his right hand to Charles' cock, fisting it down near the base of Charles' swollen penis. Peter dropped his left hand to Charles' scrotum, squeezing the man's cum-bulged nuts.

Charles fucked Peter's hand. Peter fucked Charles' ass. Kevin fucked Peter's rectum. They took their time at it, moving slowly, letting the pleasure build, then build even higher.

They had fucked each other this way before. They had fucked each other in countless variations of the way they were now fucking. They knew how to pause in their screwing when their pleasure sped ahead, how to

contract ass muscles to bring a companion up to a similar level of enjoyment, how to use their fingers to increase or decrease the swelling ecstasy.

They worked as one well-oiled mechanism. They were a unit, even when they were fucking.

When they orgasmed, they did that together, too: Kevin's cum filling Peter's asshole; Peter's sperm blasting Charles' bowel; Charles' thick, ropy eruptions webbing Peter's fingers or escaping to splatter on the hardwood floor.

They even groaned in unison: long, muted, animalistic sounds of pleasure conjured by the sweeping tidal waves of ecstasy that were spasming their sexually enlocked bodies.

CHAPTER FOUR

“Hey, Kranston!”

Kroner had been en route from the field house to the gymnasium. Bob Clark, who had been leaving the gym, had spotted him and yelled.

Kroner waved a greeting. Bob was a frat brother. He was tall. He was well-built. He looked like a football player; and football was the game he excelled in.

Bob waited for Kroner to reach him. Bob was in no big rush. He had a free period and was just heading to the library to get in a couple hours of study.

“Did Tyler find you?” Bob asked, rearranging the books he was carrying.

“Tyler?” Kroner asked curiously. “No. Was he looking for me?”

“Yes. He was down in the locker room at period break. One of the guys told him he’d seen you heading off somewhere with Max Blaine.”

“Blaine is convinced I can do better on the quarter mile if I learn to apply myself just a bit more,” Kroner said, rolling his eyes for affect. “He wanted to talk to me about it.”

Coaches, no matter what the sport, were never satisfied with performances, were always taking guys off to one side for one kind of a pep talk or another.

“You promised Blaine to give it a better try, did you?” Bob asked.

“I told him I always gave my best and just couldn’t do any better.”

“Sure,” Bob said and laughed.

“Tyler didn’t say what he wanted, did he?” Kroner asked, curious as to where Tyler was now. Kroner had seen neither hide nor hair of him.

What if Tyler had come looking in the field house? Someone had told him Kroner and Blaine had been heading in that direction. God, what a thought!

“I didn’t get to talk to him personally, you understand,” Bob said. “I was in the shower and heard him asking around.”

“Thanks,” Kroner said, a frown disturbing his regularly handsome facial features. “Ill keep my eyes open for him.”

“Have a class this period?” Bob asked, knowing the question was really superfluous. There was no way Kroner could have showered, dressed, and gotten to any classroom on time, running as late as he obviously was.

“Naw. I’ll just head on back to the house after the locker room. If you see Tyler anywhere, you might tell him so, will you?”

“Sure thing,” Bob said.

Bob and Kroner parted: Bob heading off toward the library perched on a nearby rise of land; Kroner heading toward the locker room in the basement of the gym.

There wasn’t too much activity below. Most everyone had already suited up and headed for their gym class, or were dressed and gone somewhere else on campus. There were a few laggards remaining, students like Kroner who were in really no big hurry to get anywhere. A couple of them were stripping down off in the middle of one locker aisle. By the sounds, there were at least a couple more still in the shower room.

Kroner picked up a towel and headed for his locker. He sat down on one of the benches and took off his sweaty running shoes and sweat socks. He then stood, peeling off his damp T-shirt. He then dropped his gym shorts and stepped out of them, picking them up to pile on top of his T-shirt on the bench. He was preparing to take off his jockstrap when Mark Flemming saw him.

Swimming had never really been Kroner’s forte; but, the swimming coach knew Kroner for two reasons. One, Kroner was one of the best gymnasts Hamcroft University had ever produced. Two, Mark knew that Kroner hung around with Tyler Chambers a lot, and that the two of the were in the same fraternity.

Mark came on over and sat down, taking a position that straddled the bench.

“How’s it going?” Mark asked, admiring Kroner’s exceptional body without being lecherous about it. In a position to see a lot of well-put-together young men, Mark figured nothing did a better job of sculpting the male physique than did the gymnastics equipment. “I talked to your buddy Chambers a little earlier; and, he informs me he’s heading out of town for the weekend instead of practicing up for next week’s swim meet against Washington. When you see him, you want to put in a word about school spirit and all that good old rah-rah stuff for me? Out chasing pussy a few days before he’s got to compete can’t be all that good for the kid, Kranston.”

Mark was a firm believer that abstinence before any major competition helped peak a guy’s performance. He knew a lot of people thought that particular philosophy was a lot of bullshit. But Mark thought he knew better. He had never met a winner yet who went out the night before a game and pumped himself dry up some bitch’s strangling pussy.

Kroner hadn’t paid too much attention to the last part of Mark’s statement. Kroner had kind of gotten hung up on the portion about Tyler leaving town for the weekend. As far as Kroner knew—and he figured he’d know if anybody would—Tyler didn’t have any plans of going anywhere over the next few days. The two of them had actually pretty much decided on catching a movie on Saturday.

Absently, Kroner stripped out of his jockstrap, hoping his cock wasn’t too battle-worn after the workout it had had up Max Blaine’s asshole. Luckily, his cock looked puffy but no less so than it might have been after being cooped up in an elastic sock for a long period of strenuous physical exercise. The inside of the jock cup was damp with tardy cum leakings; but Kroner folded the whole athletic supporter up in a small package, successfully concealing all incriminating evidence. He laid it to one side.

“Your buddy Chambers is damned good in the pool,” Mark was saying.

“He’s also damned good on the gymnastics equipment,” Kroner reminded, just to give the impression he was really paying attention. Actually, he was still trying to figure out why Tyler had been looking for him. Or, maybe what really worried him was that Tyler hadn’t found him. Or, had he? That last thought was so unpleasant, Kroner rejected it immediately. There was no way Tyler could have stumbled in on that scene

in the field house and not said something. Was there? But, where in the hell was Tyler now? And, where in the hell was he suddenly supposed to be off to for the weekend?

“Tyler should really devote more time to his swimming,” Mark said. Mark’s eyes took in Kroner’s cock without being at all obvious about it. Mark had learned how to check out a guy without appearing to do so. Not that Mark was queer. Hell, no. He had a wife and kid to prove it. It was just that he admired a good body when he saw one. And Kroner certainly did have one. So, for that matter, did Tyler Chambers. There was obviously something to that old adage about birds of a feather flocking together.

“You know, I overheard Coach Westclox telling Tyler basically the same thing just the other day,” Kroner said.

Where in the hell was Tyler? Surely, he would have stuck around.

“About his spending more time in the pool?” Mark questioned.

“No, about his spending more time out of the pool and on the gymnastics equipment.”

“HMMMMMMMM,” Mark replied good-naturedly, flashing Kroner a wide grin. He dismounted the bench in preparation to get back to the pool. He had left one of his assistants in charge of an intermediate swimming class, but Mark had to at least make an appearance. “I guess I’d better tell Coach Westclox to be satisfied with the time he’s got.”

“And, I wonder what he’s going to tell you,” Kroner said, smiling. If he hadn’t been so uneasy about this development regarding Tyler, Kroner might have been paying more attention to the man standing in front of him. Kroner had always thought, with a little nudging now and again, Mark Flemming might have been maneuvered into the bedroom.

Mark had laughed at Kroner’s last joking retort.

“Guess Coach Westclox and I both had better be satisfied with what we’ve got, huh?” Mark asked. He lifted his right hand, palm outward, in signal he was taking his leave. He turned and headed for the lower access door to the pool area.

Kroner reached for his towel and hung it around his neck. He headed for the showers.

Why did he have this uneasy feeling taking root in his belly? Why, huh? Was it because he had known the field house was a rotten place to fuck around? Yes, by God, he had known that! Yet, his gonads had done the thinking for his brain, and he had gone right ahead, hadn't he? He had stuffed his blood-engorged cock up Max Blaine's ass; and the two of them had been grunting like overloaded steam locomotives before they had finished. Hell, Tyler could have stumbled right over top of them; and Kroner and Max would have been hard-pressed to have seen him.

"Sheeeeeeeeeet!" Kroner exclaimed and jumped out of the way of the jet of cold water that exited the faulty shower apparatus.

Kroner turned off the water. He took the few steps necessary to move him into range of the next nozzle. He turned on the water and found everything in working order. He stepped into the spray, reaching for the bar of soap in its niche along the wall. He began to soap up, tasting the flavor of his own sweat as the water flushed it over his lips.

There were three other guys—in one stage of lathering or another—in the shower room; the room being really nothing more than a long bare space with nozzles jutting from its four walls and a series of drains centering a floor that sloped inward from all four sides.

One of the guys was singing, and not very well. Someone else, obviously a friend, made some kind of wisecrack about a naked canary; but the dig had no apparent effect on the baritone.

Kroner's mind, though, continued to be elsewhere. He was worried. His guts were turning to one big knot in the pit of his stomach. He just couldn't help thinking...

What if... what if... what if? What if Tyler had left the locker room, heading off in the direction of the field house where someone had told him Kroner was getting a pep talk from the assistant track coach? What if Tyler had entered? What if he'd kept to the shadows? What if he'd seen the two guys fucking away like animals in heat? What if Tyler had recognized one or both of them? More specifically: WHAT IF TYLER HAD RECOGNIZED KRONER?

Kroner turned off the spray and grabbed for his towel. Walking back to his locker, he used his towel to wipe away some of the soap suds that

remained along his chest as a result of his inadequate rinsing.

Damn it, he had to find Tyler. He had to find him and put his own mind to rest. There was no sense of his building up a big scenario here out of nothing more than pure conjecture. It might just have easily happened that Tyler had merely decided to catch Kroner later, maybe back at the frat house.

Yeah, Kroner was being an ass! He was simply making a mountain out of a fucking molehill. He was allowing his fears of discovery to cloud over the possible real facts of the matter. SO, WHY WASN'T HE CALMING DOWN?

Kroner hurriedly dried, but not very well. He dressed, letting his clothes soak up any moisture his towel had missed. He didn't even pay much attention to his hair, deciding that the tousled look—which he had been informed by more than one person made him look even sexier—would have to suffice.

He left the gym, heading across the large expanse of lawn which had gone slightly brown. The grass was also a bit chewed up in spots, since several of the soccer classes were using it as a playing field.

Out of the corner of one eye, Kroner saw Carol Finley trying to wave him down. But, right now, Kroner had no desire whatsoever to talk to Carol Finley—or any other girl for that matter.

To Greek Row from the gym was usually about a twenty minute walk, if you took it at a leisurely pace. Kroner made it in ten minutes flat. And he knew something was desperately wrong by the greeting he got from Wesley Baker as soon as Kroner was through the door.

“There you are, Kranston. So, what kind of a tiff are you and Chambers into now?”

“None that I know of,” Kroner answered, feeling his body going slightly sweaty from the exertion of his walk, and flushed from his horrible inner intuition that Tyler HAD seen what had occurred in that field house between Kroner and Max Blaine.

“Sure, you're little Mr. Innocent,” Wesley said, his sarcastic tone indicating that he had seen enough fighting among fraternity brothers to

know a tiff when he saw one. “You know, buddy, if it’s serious, it needs to be brought up and discussed, don’t you? We sure as hell can’t have friction among our own brotherhood, now can we?”

“Really, I haven’t the foggiest. Did Tyler say he was ticked off at me for some reason?”

“He didn’t have to say anything,” Wesley replied, closing the book in his hands and leaning back in his chair. His comments had brought David Crown in from the hallway. “I would say it was apparent by what he didn’t say.”

“You want to be a little more specific, good buddy?” Kroner asked, wishing Wesley wasn’t so inclined toward verbosity. Wesley’s theme papers always read like baroque prose.

“He left here saying the two of you would soon be off to San Francisco for a hot weekend. He came back saying he was going alone.”

“To San Francisco?”

“I know, I know,” Wesley said, playing the role of grown-up to what he assumed was Kroner’s portrayal of a mischievous child, “you don’t know... anything... about... it.”

“Really, I don’t.”

“He did seem pretty worked up over something,” David Crown commented from the position he had assumed by the bookcase banking the large fireplace. “And he certainly wasn’t up to talking about it. I know. I asked.”

“So, what’s this San Francisco trip?” Kroner asked. “It’s the first I’ve heard anything about it.”

Kroner immediately got a look from Wesley that proclaimed: “Come off this act, Kranston; and quit trying to pull the wool over two brothers’ eyes.”

“All I know is that his father called about one o’clock,” David obliged. “I assumed Boeing was making a delivery, and Tyler’s dad had made arrangements for the two of you to hitch a ride on it.”

That was more than possible. Tyler’s father had done it twice before. Once to Minneapolis. Once to Denver. He wasn’t supposed to do it; but he

did it anyway, stating something about how, “Everyone around here bends the rules a little on occasion.”

Kroner left the living room and picked up the phone in the hallway. He dialed the Boeing Hamcroft number he found listed in the telephone book, asking the central exchange at the facilities to connect him with Randolph Chambers’ offices. Mr. Chambers’ secretary told Kroner that her boss was out for the rest of the afternoon; and no, she hadn’t seen Mr. Chambers’ son around anywhere.

Kroner hung up, walked through the living room to the front door.

Tell cook I won’t be here for dinner, will you?” Kroner said.

“Have fun in San Francisco,” Wesley said sarcastically from his chair. Kroner gave Wesley the middle finger!

CHAPTER FIVE

Tyler turned the car off the main highway and into the access road leading into the Boeing Hamcroft facilities. His reflexes had gotten him this far. His mind was elsewhere, playing and then replaying—over and over again—what he had seen in the field house.

Tyler still couldn't believe it. How could he believe it? Kroner Kranston, his very best friend, fucking the ass of Max Blaine, assistant track coach? The whole thing was ludicrous. Kroner couldn't be gay! Tyler would have known! Surely... Tyler... would... have... known! Wouldn't he have? How did you room with a guy for almost three years, spend almost every spare minute of the day with him, and not know he was a fag? Impossible! It was impossible!

But, then again, Tyler knew what he had seen, didn't he? He had seen two males, one with his shorts dropped, one with his cock out. And, they had been fucking. They had been screwing and grunting like animals.

Tyler shivered, his right hand automatically leaving the steering wheel of his car to adjust the lay of his cock inside of his trouser crotch.

And the fact that Tyler's cock was rock hard—had gone rock hard there in the field house and had stayed rock hard ever since—was not something Tyler wasn't worried about. Fuck, who wouldn't have been worried about it? Here he had witnessed one of the filthiest, lewdest, most carnally obscene displays of perverted sexuality, and he had been turned on by it. What in the fuck did that make him? As queer as the two men he'd been watching?

Hell, no! Tyler refused to believe he was queer. He... simply... refused. His cock might be hard, but there was some other reasonable explanation for that besides any fact that Tyler was possibly a faggot. Because if Tyler hadn't really known Kroner these last three years, then he certainly had known himself, hadn't he?

So, why did he go to the pool area every chance he got? To see the naked men? So, why was he always checking out the sexual equipment on other guys? A natural inclination of any straight male to check out his

prospective competition? So, why had he liked Kroner Kranston so much, when Kroner Kranston was obviously a fairy from the word go? And what about Tanner Perry, high-school coach? Tyler had really liked him, too, hadn't he? And Tanner Perry had been queer.

So, what was it inside of Tyler that attracted him to gays if he wasn't gay himself?

Tyler repositioned his hard cock one more time, glancing down to make sure it wouldn't be all that obvious to the guard at the gate. He then rolled down the car window and came to a complete stop at the check-in point. The guard on duty was Benny Miller. Tyler knew Benny, had known him since Tyler was a kid and had been brought down by his father to see the big airplanes.

"I've got your buddy's name down here, too," Benny said, nodding hello and bringing his wrinkled face down to Tyler's level.

And Kroner had been Tyler's buddy, hadn't he? Everybody knew that. Even Benny Miller knew that.

AND KRONER KRANSTON WAS A GODDAMN FAGGOT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! AN ASS-SCREWING... GODDAMN... FUCKING... FAGGOT.

"Mr. Kranston coming in late?" Benny asked. He thought Tyler looked a bit pale. Then again, maybe the kid had been up late last night, cramming for some kind of class so he could head off for San Francisco for a hot weekend. Benny knew that Tyler's dad had arranged to let the kids hitch a ride on the 747 scheduled for delivery to PacAir. Someone had to forge the record that the two people who had entered the facilities had left them later by the same gate. And, Benny was that man. Oh, most everyone knew what was happening; but the paperwork always had to check out anyway.

"Mr. Kranston couldn't make it," Tyler said, hoping Benny wasn't planning to hold him up with any small talk. Tyler didn't feel like any small talk. Tyler felt like being alone. He hoped to hell no one else was scheduled for the ride to San Francisco. Tyler really wanted to be alone. He had a lot of things he was going to have to think over. You didn't just up and end a friendship like his and Kroner's without a lot of thought, did you?

Ending their friendship: was that what Tyler actually contemplated doing? On the other hand, did he really have any other alternative? Kroner was gay, wasn't he? Tyler was not gay, was he? NO, GODDAMN IT, HE WAS NOT GAY! So, where did that put them? Wasn't it possible for a gay and a straight to be just friends? Hell, yes, that was possible, wasn't it?

The problem was that Tyler and Kroner were more than just friends. Whatever that magical thing that happened ever so often between two people, it had happened between them.

GODDAMN THAT SHIT! HOW COULD HE BE QUEER AND SPOIL EVERYTHING? HOW COULD HE? HOW COULD HE? HOW COULD HE?

"Oh, I'm sorry, Benny, what did you say?" Tyler asked, realizing that Benny's mouth had been moving, saying something about Tyler's father; and, Tyler hadn't been paying any attention whatsoever, "He had to leave for the whole afternoon. But he said you were to go to Hanger Thirty-two and ask for Raleigh. Got that?"

"Raleigh."

"Raleigh is going to captain the PacAir plane to San Francisco. Your father says it's all set up; and Raleigh knows you're coming."

"Thanks," Tyler replied, glad that his father wasn't there. Randolph Chambers would have known right away that something was desperately bothering his son. Hell, even Benny Miller knew it. Although, Benny wouldn't be asking any embarrassing questions, where Randolph Chambers would have had no qualms about having done so.

"Have a nice weekend," Benny said, tapping the car roof with his hand in signal that he had officially passed it through.

Tyler drove for Hanger Thirty-two, finding Raleigh inside. Raleigh affirmed that there were no other scheduled passengers but Tyler and Tyler's friend.

"My friend couldn't make it," Tyler heard himself repeating for the second time in fifteen minutes.

"Too bad," Raleigh replied. He was a fatherly-type gentleman, probably in his late forties. Tyler had seen him around a few times, had probably

even met him; although, Tyler couldn't place just where or when. "But if you get a little lonesome, come on up to the cockpit, and we can fly the baby together."

"Is it okay to board her now?"

WHY, WHY, WHY WOULDN'T TYLER'S COCK GO SOFT? WHY DID IT STAY SO STIFF THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY PAINFUL TO WALK WITH ITS BULK STUFFED DOWN ALONG TYLER'S LEFT PANTS LEG?

"Sure, why not? Go on in and take a little nap. You look as if you could use a little sleep."

Sleep? It wasn't sleep Tyler needed.

Tyler headed for the airplane. The plane was painted blue and green, the PacAir logo—a bird of paradise—emblazoned on its tail.

The plane was big. Inside, its seats all empty, it looked even bigger. Tyler took the curving stairway to the first-class lounge on the second level. He took a seat by one of the windows looking back toward the hangar. He then leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes.

What in the hell was he going to do? What... was... he... going... to... do?

He kept telling himself that there was really no reason to do anything. That's really what he wanted to do: NOTHING. So, what if Kroner was gay? Kroner had probably plugged more ass than just the one belonging to Max Blaine. How did it make Kroner any different a person just because Tyler knew about this particular ass fuck where he hadn't known about any of the others?

But, somehow Tyler's knowing did make a difference. It made all the difference in the world! And, Tyler was afraid to admit to himself that it made a difference merely because Tyler really wasn't confident enough of his own heterosexuality to pretend nothing had happened. How often, after all, did Tyler and Kroner find themselves alone together where something sexual could happen between them? That Kroner had apparently resisted making any sexual moves toward Tyler didn't assuage Tyler's fears that Kroner might one day make them. But, what was even more scary, as far as

Tyler was concerned, was that Tyler wasn't confident—not one-hundred percent certain—that he would successfully be able to resist the temptation once it was offered.

AND DIDN'T THAT MAKE HIM AS SICK AS KRONER? AT LEAST KRONER APPARENTLY KNEW WHERE HIS HEAD WAS AT.

Tyler just simply couldn't chance it. He... simply... couldn't... chance... it. Just thinking about how often something might have happened in the past made Tyler break out in a cold sweat.

Oh, how ironic life was. Tyler had thought he was so... so... so safe. Kroner certainly didn't outwardly act different. Quite to the contrary, he looked every part the butch, he-man, college jock. Tyler had never suspected. NEVER SUSPECTED.

Tyler had felt safe, secure in the relationship. He didn't feel safe with it now. He sure as hell didn't feel secure, either.

And, if Kroner never made that one fateful move? NEVER MADE IT? After all, Kroner hadn't betrayed himself to Tyler knowingly. Why, even now, he probably didn't even realize that his secret was out. When you came right on down to it, maybe Tyler wasn't even Kroner's type. Tyler certainly didn't find too much of a physical comparison to be made between himself and Max Blaine, that was for sure. If Kroner didn't find Tyler sexually attractive, then what was the problem? What was the danger?

The danger was... the problem was... the question was: Was Tyler Chambers sexually attracted to Kroner Kranston?

Tyler opened his eyes. It was warm in the plane; anyway, whether it was really that warm or not, Tyler felt himself sweating. A glance around him told him he was still alone. Another glance out the window told him that they weren't ready to leave yet. Tyler dropped his gaze to his wristwatch. It was about ten minutes of four. They weren't scheduled to leave until five-thirty.

DAMN IT, WHY WAS HIS COCK HARD? How in the fuck could he think clearly with his stiffened penis continually throbbing there between his legs in accusation? It was worse, more effective in labeling Tyler a pervert, than any name-calling or pointing finger could have possibly been. Every time Tyler told himself he was as normal as the next man, his cock

would jerk; and Tyler would have to ask himself if any normal man's cock would be this affected by such a lewd, obscene, and unnatural thing as what Kroner's hard and pounding blood-engorged penis had been doing to Max Blaine's clutching, rubbery asshole.

Tyler checked once more to be sure that he was alone and that no one was in the process of coming from the hangar to board the plane. Then, feeling somehow guilty for doing what he was doing, he unzipped the fly of his trousers. He reached inside his pants and underpants. He pulled out first his sizable cock, then his bulky balls.

Tyler's cock was nine inches of erected meatiness. It was circumcised, its pulpy corona a large mushrooming bulb that capped a powerfully large cock neck. Slightly flat along its belly and its back, rounded along its sides, Tyler's cock stalk jutted from the boy's groin with a gentle curving that eventually ended with the back of Tyler's cock head brought to a resting against that portion of Tyler's shirt front that concealed the boy's indented navel.

He would masturbate. It was as plain and as simple as that. He had masturbated before, hadn't he? No big thing!

Yet, this time wasn't like any of those other times. He knew it. Why try to fool himself into believing otherwise? This time was as different from those other times as night was different from day.

Still, Tyler desperately felt that he did have to do it. He had to beat his cock off just as he would have beaten to pulp any guy who would have ever even vaguely insinuated that Tyler or Kroner—OH, KRONER, YOU BASTARD!—was gay.

He would fist his fingers around his erection. He would whip his hunk of blood-bloated stiffness until it began spurting. He would make it a point not to fantasize anything but his hand pumping his cock. Because he had fantasized other things in the past while masturbating, hadn't he? He had fantasized mouths, asses... Male asses? Male mouths?

Hell, anyone fantasized! Fantasizing wasn't the real thing, even if Tyler had ever imagined his cock fucking something other than female cunt, female mouth, female ass—which he wasn't sure he had ever done anyway.

His hand holding tightly to the loose outer folds of his cock flesh, Tyler stroked upward along the harder inner cock core. He dropped his thighs open further, continuing to pump. He lowered his left hand to his scrotum, beginning to fondle his large, cum-bulged nuts. He rolled his gonads back and forth between his fingers, squeezing until he felt distinctly the responding ache that fanned through his lower belly.

Tyler's cock offered a definite handful. Tyler's large fingers were actually unable to make contact with his thumb which hooked over Tyler's cock back. As Tyler continued to stroke, his cock swelled even larger, the space of cock flesh between Tyler's thumb and fingertips going even wider.

Beneath the fondling of Tyler's hand, his scrotum was contracting. Flaccid folds of hair-furred flesh were thickening, closing inward to a more secure hugging of Tyler's healthy balls.

Tyler fucked his hand. His fingers glided up from his knotted cock roots to his red-tinted cock glans. The boy's hips began moving in intuitive fucking responses.

He pumped. His fisted hand moved up. His gripping fingers slid back down his meaty pole. His vising grip pounded downward into his balls and then dragged loose outer skin back upward toward Tyler's pulpy cock head.

Tyler had always enjoyed masturbation. Always. For as long as he could remember. He had often thought he enjoyed it more than the sex he had had with... With whom? He was thinking with girls, wasn't he? And, had he really had more pleasure fucking his hand than he'd had in fucking girls? Had he? Had he? If so, what did that say about him?

Tyler shivered; and, not just because of any building ecstasy inside of him.

Then again, so what if he got more pleasure out of his hand than he got from cunt? His hand knew just what to do, didn't it? His hand knew just when to squeeze, just when to ease the pressure. His hand knew just how hard or soft to stroke, knew when to pause, knew when to go fast or slow. No girl's cunt would ever be quite as attuned to any guy's cock as a guy's hand was. So, liking hand better than cunt wasn't all that strange—in final analysis—was it?

More juices leaked free of Tyler's cock mouth, adding to the sticky veneering already slicking Tyler's fingers and his cock shaft. The additional lubricant made it easier for Tyler's stripping hand to make its gliding progression up and back, up and back, over Tyler's turgid cock meat.

And, hadn't Tyler ever thought it strange that he and Kroner—as close as they were—so seldom got together to exchange locker room stories and brag about feminine conquests to each other? Wasn't it true Tyler had actually been relieved that Kroner had so seldom offered pertinent details of female sexual triumphs, or expected Tyler to come back and match or top them?

Did gays like Kroner even get turned on to girls? If they didn't like them at all, then why was it that Kroner had bothered on several occasions to take out Mary-Jane or Janice? Had he done so only because Tyler had taken Susie and Melinda to sorority dances or other functions? Had he done it only to keep up some kind of a heterosexual front?

Which was all very well in explaining why Kroner had been lax in coming up with the juicy details of his heavy petting sessions. Kroner obviously hadn't discussed them, because he probably hadn't enjoyed them. But, what had kept Tyler from bringing up his own sexual experiences with Susie and/or Melinda? Was it because those experiences hadn't been all that great? Was it because Tyler hadn't really enjoyed any of them all that much?

BUT DID ANY OF THAT MAKE TYLER QUEER? AFTER ALL, TYLER CERTAINLY HADN'T YANKED OUT HIS BLOOD-ENGORGED COCK AND SHOVED IT TO HIS BALLS UP MAX BLAINE'S ASSHOLE, HAD HE? TYLER HAD NEVER TOUCHED ANOTHER MAN SEXUALLY IN HIS WHOLE LIFE!

You certainly couldn't count all those incidents of harmless sexual boy-boy exploration when Tyler had just been a kid, could you? Hell, no! Tyler had read Freud and Kinsey. He knew that almost every male—at one time or another—experienced one or more incidents of homosexuality during adolescence. That didn't mean that almost every male was gay. It simply meant a person grew out of it, like Tyler had grown out of it. The last cock Tyler had touched, that wasn't his own, had been way back in grade school. There had been no fooling around since then. NOT EVEN ONCE. NOT

EVEN WHEN HE'D HAD THE INCLINATION TO DO SOMETHING—LIKE WITH COACH TANNER PERRY IN HIGH SCHOOL. Tyler's hips worked, dimpling his ass against the seat. As Tyler's fingers pushed down over his stalk of cock meat, Tyler's pelvis was bouncing upward. As his hand drug back upward toward his pulpy cock head, Tyler's lower body sank back downward into the supporting softness.

Tyler growled deep in his throat, revolving his hips in a slight circular movement that coincided with the up and down strokes of his turgid penis within his pumping hand.

And, Kroner's big, juice-glossed cock had been pounding... pounding... pounding up Max Blain's clutching anus.

Tyler's hand twisted over his cock, his mind picturing just how Kroner's cock had been ruthlessly spearing Max's ass.

Tyler's nuts were hard and cum-bulged, still cupped by Tyler's left hand. Tyler's scrotum was already contracted into a mass of tough, wrinkled flesh.

"Oh, Kroner, you bastard... you... goddamn... handsome... faggot... bastard!" Tyler grunted. He shut his eyes, his head rolling back on his neck. He licked his lips, running his wet tongue to replace the dryness found there with a veneering of wet-warm spit.

And, Kroner had jabbed his massive sexual truncheon deep into Max's bowel, Kroner growling gutturally as he'd done so.

Tyler's left hand momentarily vacated his sexual sac, Tyler's fingers working down beneath his scrotum and into his open fly to move along the trail of dark skin that connected Tyler's balls with his asshole.

And, Max Blaine had been groaning, too. His moans had been low, animalistic. Tyler's fuck-finger went in search of and found his ass pucker. Tyler scooted deeper down into the seat, finally raising his ass so that his asshole was more easily accessible to his left hand.

Tyler's fingertip played with his pucker. His anal eyes seemed so small... so fucking small. How could anything as big as a cock—as big as Kroner's cock—have ever gotten through anything as small as an asshole?

But, Kroner's blood-bloated cock had made it into Max Blain's asshole, hadn't it? Oh, yes, it had made it in there, all right. It had been shoved in so deep that Max's hair-haloed pucker had been gumming the very roots of Kroner's phallic giant.

Tyler pressed his fingertip tighter into the small winked eye guarding the entrance to his asshole. He felt the sweat-stickied pucker resist the pressure and then finally begin to open slightly.

"Ohhhhhh, Jesus," Tyler groaned, finding a strange but obvious additional satisfaction in having his finger working for entrance up his buttocks while his right hand continued to stroke his cock toward a climax.

What would it feel like to have a real cock—not just a finger—working for entrance up his rectum? What would it have felt like to have Kroner's massive cock corona stretching open Tyler's sphincter ring like Tyler's own fingertip was now doing?

SICK. SICK. EVEN THINKING SUCH LEWD THOUGHTS WAS A PERVERSION. SO WHY COULDN'T HE STOP THINKING THEM? WHY COULDN'T HE STOP SINKING HIS FINGER UP HIS VIRGIN ASSHOLE?

Tyler's right hand began a more speedy whipping of Tyler's monstrous cock neck. It felt good: what his hand was doing. But then, his fingers knew every contour of his cock, didn't they. They knew when to stroke, how to stroke...

Tyler's left middle finger dug deeper up the boy's ass, sinking to its first knuckle up Tyler's rectum.

Why was it pleasurable to have a finger ramming his ass? Would it have been more pleasurable having a cock jamming up his anus?

Tyler recalled how Max Blaine had looked there in the field house, Max's rectum getting fucked while Max's cock was fucking Kroner's fingers. Oh, it had been dim in that field house; but, Tyler had had no trouble seeing the ecstasy registered on Max's face. And... it had... been... ecstasy. Yes, it... sure... as... hell... had been.

"Aaaagggghhhrrrr!" Tyler grunted helplessly. He'd viciously jabbed his finger deeper up his bowel, corkscrewing that finger up his anus. His

unlubricated rectum had been hurt by the attack, sending spasms of ache shooting up Tyler's insides.

SO, WHY HAD EVEN THE ACHE SOMEHOW ENHANCED TYLER'S SWELLING PLEASURE?

"Oh... Kroner... Kroner... Kroner," Tyler mumbled, simultaneously realizing that there was some definite inherent danger in calling Kroner's name while Tyler's right hand wrapped Tyler's cock, and while a finger of Tyler's left hand was delving up Tyler's bowel.

Tyler's hand pumped harder and faster. The boy was fast approaching his peaking. It... wouldn't... be... long... now.

"Ohhhhhh... ughhhh... uggghhhh," Tyler muttered breathlessly, wondering what there was about his perverted actions and fantasies which made everything so exceptionally exciting.

And, was he really imagining himself stuck on Kroner's fucking penis? Was he actually mentally substituting himself for Max Blaine in the University field house?

"OH, SHIT... OH, SHIT... OH, FUCKING, FUCKING, SHIT!" Tyler growled. His pulverizing finger found and rammed into Tyler's walnut-size prostate up the boy's asshole. The resulting blast of pleasurable aching was the trigger to set Tyler off. "AAAAGGGGHHHHHEEE" Suddenly Tyler's whole bowel seemed to expand outward away from his finger, letting Tyler's finger slip in even deeper. Then, just as suddenly, the rubbery anal tubing collapsed, strangling Tyler's finger as viciously as any rubber glove would have strangled a hand forced into it.

"Oh... damn... it... oh, sweet... Jesus, damn it... oh... oh... oh," Tyler groaned, completely out of control.

Tyler's cock was in eruption. His pulsing cock mouth was spewing out great, heaving masses of slippery male cum. Tyler's fingers were becoming sopped with the strings of Tyler's exploding wet-warm sperm.

And, still he couldn't stop pumping!

Tyler tried to pull his finger free of his asshole, but it wouldn't come. It seemed to be stuck inside of him. The collapsed and unlubricated anus held

to his finger with a suction more powerful than glue. Any outward movement of the finger only seemed to pull the clinging bowel with it.

“AAAAGGGGhhhhh!” Tyler moaned loudly. His finger had once again contacted his prostate, causing a new surging of uncontrollable ecstasy throughout Tyler’s body.

And, how long did they last: those endless waves of pleasure that coursed through him? If only seconds, those seconds seemed like lengthy minutes.

However long they endured, they ceased finally, leaving Tyler exhausted. His body went limp. His finger was finally able to withdraw from his relaxed asshole.

Tyler tried to get oriented. He tried to remember who he was, where he was, what horrible thing he had just done.

Oh, it wasn’t the masturbation which had been horrible. It had been those final perverted fantasies which had accompanied that masturbation.

Tyler realized quite suddenly that his eyes were still clenched tightly shut. He opened them, turning immediately to the window. He saw Raleigh in the doorway of the hangar, talking to two men.

Tyler’s attention shifted to his right hand. His fingers, sloppy with soupy cum, still held to Tyler’s penis. Tyler released his cock, realizing that his private sexual session had made quite a mess.

Tyler stood, noticing that he had pieces of cum splattered on the floor and on his pants leg.

As Tyler hurriedly moved off to one of the restrooms to get enough tissue to make himself and the plane presentable, he was positive of one thing. He would definitely have to break off his relationship with Kroner Kranston. Their friendship, as it now stood, offered too much of a danger to Tyler. There were, after all, certain insights to his own personality that Tyler simply did not want to know or to find out about.

CHAPTER SIX

“Got away after all, did you, young fella?” Benny asked, squatting slightly so as to bring his face level with the open car window.

That told Kroner about all he needed to know. Tyler’s dad had arranged for his son and Kroner to hitch a ride on one of the jets being routed to San Francisco. Tyler had come looking for Kroner to break the good news, and found what instead? Whatever Tyler had inadvertently seen or heard, he had rushed away without risking a face-to-face confrontation with Kroner, hadn’t he?

“Tyler is here already, then, huh?”

“He’s been here almost an hour now,” Benny answered. “And you ended up cutting your own time down pretty close to the finish, didn’t you? Another fifteen minutes, and they’d be airborne without you.”

“One of my profs decided not to give a big exam after all,” Kroner said, making excuses for his coming in barely under the line. “Naturally, he waited until the last minute to break the good news.”

“Naturally,” Benny said, marking the appropriate notations on his clipboard. He turned his full attention back to Kroner. “It’s Hangar Thirty-two. You want to talk to a guy by the name of Raleigh. Got that?”

“Hangar Thirty-two. Raleigh.”

“That’s it. And, your friend is probably going to be mighty pleased to see you. He seemed a little peaked to me.”

Benny tapped the car roof in his customary signal to proceed. Kroner released the car break, gave the motor some gas, and passed on through the main gate.

Maybe he wasn’t so lucky making it before takeoff, after all. It was obvious Tyler didn’t want to talk to him, wasn’t it? So, what was Kroner, some masochist, that he was rushing off for this probably painful scene with Tyler?

Kroner almost made the wrong turn on purpose. He could have driven off somewhere, parked for half an hour, and then headed back to the front gate, telling Benny that he'd missed the plane. But, what would that have proved? Oh, it might have delayed a meeting between Kroner and Tyler for a couple of days; but, it wouldn't make the eventual meeting any easier. And, there was simply no way the two roommates could avoid each other successfully for the rest of the school year.

So, Kroner made all the right turns, even though his belly was turning somersaults as the big hangar loomed immediately into view. Kroner caught a glimpse of a blue and green wing tip.

In a way, Kroner rationalized, it would be a relief to have the whole charade over and done with. He'd never really been comfortable playing the game, had he? Then again, Kroner was apprehensive because he could already tell by Tyler's actions that Tyler wasn't going to accept Kroner's gayness with any real aplomb. Straight-as-a-stick Tyler wasn't going to forgive and forget his best friend's deception: of that Kroner was almost perfectly certain.

If Kroner could have turned back the clock, returning to how it had been before he had fucked Max Blaine in the field house, he would have done so. But, there was never any turning back possible. A person simply had to stumble ahead, trying as best he could. Whatever came out of all of this mess, Kroner and Tyler had to talk about it.

Kroner pulled the car to a stop in the parking lot adjacent to Hangar Thirty-two. And, there was Tyler's car. And, a few yards away, on that plane, was Tyler himself. Thinking what?

Kroner didn't immediately open the car door. He sat, once again wondering if it was a mistake to board that plane. Because, there was always the rare possibility that whatever Tyler had seen, he would be able to conveniently forget over the weekend. A person was very good about filing away exceptionally unpleasant things and simply pretending they'd never happened. Tyler might come back from San Francisco with excuses of how he had tried to find Tyler at school, hadn't been able to locate him, and had ended up deciding to go off to San Francisco alone. The two of them could take up right where they had left off before Max Blaine's asshole got stuffed with Kroner's blood-engorged cock in the field house.

Kroner opened the car door and got out. Not getting out would have been one of the easiest decisions of Kroner's life. Getting out had, by far, been the most difficult. Because, how easy it would have been to take the chance that Tyler was willing to pretend that nothing whatsoever had happened. How hard it was to come face to face with the reality.

But the lie wasn't good for Kroner—if it had ever been good for him. It was certainly not good for Tyler. Because, Tyler obviously had seen something. And his filing it away now would only have meant its popping out festered and even worse at some later date.

And the lie had never been good for the both of them. It had put their friendship—a friendship Kroner cherished more than anything—on a faulty foundation. Far better to patch up the cracks now than to make the attempt later after more damage—perhaps irreparable damage—had been done.

But how hard it was—HOW VERY... VERY... VERY HARD IT WAS—to put one foot in front of the other and walk toward what was possibly the ending of the one thing Kroner had so often wished might never have ending.

Kroner entered through a small door. He stopped momentarily, attempting to adjust to the change in light. The inside of the hangar was a cavernous affair, shadowy even with the long banks of high-powered bulbs suspended from the ceiling. The large hangar door at the other end of the building was open: a wide mouth of blinding light partially filled with the airplane that sat on the approach apron outside.

“You need some help?”

Kroner started at the sound of the unexpected voice so near to him. The guy who had spoken was probably less than six feet from Kroner. He wasn't much older than Kroner. He was blond, good-looking, trim, well-constructed. Kroner's experienced eye had taken all of that in at a glance. But, there was something strange about him: something Kroner couldn't quite put his finger on.

“I'm looking for Raleigh.”

“Raleigh?” the blond kid echoed, as if the name wasn't ringing any bells.

“Yea, Raleigh,” Kroner said. “I think he’s the pilot of that big blue and green bird presently parked outside.”

“Oh, that Raleigh,” the blond replied. “Sure, you can see him. He’s in the office over there, talking to a couple friends of mine.”

The blond cupped his left hand around his mouth to form a kind of megaphone out of his fingers. He had a jacket draped carelessly over his right arm and which, also, concealed his right hand.

“Hey Charles!” the blond yelled, his voice sounding strange as all voices tended to sound strange when projected into vast empty spaces.

Across the way, Charles Kenerly stuck his head out of the door that shut a small office space off from the rest of the hangar.

“Mr. Raleigh has a visitor!” the blond kid yelled.

“Raleigh?”

“The pilot, Charles! The fucking pilot!”

“What’s this visitor want?”

“What do you want with Mr. Raleigh, kid?” the blond asked.

Strange. It was all fucking strange. Kroner didn’t like any of it.

“I said, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT WITH MR. RALEIGH?” the blond persisted. It was obvious he expected an answer.

Kroner found himself automatically wondering if he could handle the blond in a fight. They were about the same size. They were about the same build.

Hell, why was Kroner thinking about fighting? The kid had merely relayed a question which had been asked by Charles, hadn’t he? Whoever the hell Charles was.

“I think he’s expecting me,” Kroner said. He then paused. He wasn’t sure if he should say more. After all, hitching a ride on these planes wasn’t really legal procedure was it? Still, Randolph Chambers had always emphasized that everyone knew it was coming off. Surely, if this kid worked here, he was in on the way things were. “My friend and I are hitching a ride to San Francisco.”

“Your friend?” the blond asked nervously, glancing around Kroner as if he expected someone else to come popping unexpectedly out of the woodwork.

“Peter, what in the hell did he say?” Charles shouted from the doorway.

“Where is this friend of yours?” Peter asked Kroner, temporarily paying no attention to Charles.

“Peter, goddamn it...” Charles shouted.

“He said he and his friend are scheduled to fly as passengers on that plane out there!”

“So, where’s the other one?”

“That’s what I’m trying to find out, if you’ll give me a fucking minute!”

“Look, maybe I’ve made a mistake,” Kroner said, positive that something was coming off here that wasn’t quite right.

“I’ve asked you twice now where you’ve hidden this friend of yours,” Peter said. “I don’t plan on asking you again.”

“Raleigh says the other kid is already on board!” Charles shouted, after having first momentarily disappeared from view.

“Your buddy is already on the plane? Is that right, kid?” Peter asked Kroner.

And Kroner thought maybe the blond was older than Kroner had originally estimated.

“Look, I think maybe I changed my mind about heading to Frisco,” Kroner said. “Just tell Tyler for me that I’ll see him when he gets back.”

“You got something to say to your buddy, you say it yourself, huh?” Peter said, wondering if any of this was going to change their original plan.

“Bring the kid on over here!” Charles called. “It’s about time we got that plane lifted off the runway. They’re probably already wondering what in the hell is going on over here.”

“Listen... really...” Kroner began. He shut up damned fast, though, when Peter’s draping jacket pulled away to reveal the pistol gingerly held in the blond’s right hand.

“Just move on over, buddy,” Peter instructed, “and don’t give me any static, will you? Because I’d really hate to see a nice-looking stud like you get hurt. You know what I mean?”

And, Kroner knew exactly what he did mean.

CHAPTER SEVEN

They had not managed to leave the airfield without incident; but they had gotten off the ground without anyone having to be wasted. For awhile, it had been a bit hairy. The tower hadn't wanted to give the plane clearance or takeoff. But Clarence had told the boys in the tower that clearance or no clearance, the plane was pulling up and out. And, by God, up and out it had went.

So, the world now knew that a PacAir 747 was hijacked. The world now knew the price being asked for its return—plus the return of its pilot, copilot and the two kids. The plane would land in San Francisco International just long enough to pick up the loot and head out for Cuba. Clarence had delivered the Spartans' ultimatum. And since they'd all gotten this far, there was every reason to suspect they might make it all the way.

Having the two kids, of course, certainly increased the odds in favor of success. No one wanted two innocents to get hurt, did they? And one—or maybe even both of them—probably had connections high up in the Boeing Company, or else how had they managed to hitch a ride on a plane that was suppose to fly empty?

Clarence was in the cockpit with the pilot and copilot—the latter having arrived shortly before Kroner had made his untimely entrance on the scene.

Peter was patrolling the aisles, making sure that no one was waiting to appear suddenly out of the woodwork.

Kevin was in the lounge, watching over the two kids. Although, he found the two young men sufficiently bound to lounge chairs so that Kevin's thoughts could temporarily roam elsewhere.

Kevin shifted in his seat, trying for a more comfortable position. His cock was stiff in his pants. He had almost forgotten how much of an aphrodisiac danger could be. He had been away from it for so long that the memory of it had paled. Now, though, he remembered.

Kevin's left hand went to his left pants leg, adjusting the way his hard cock was positioned. He let his hand linger, moving caressingly along the

bulged ridge. He felt his cock head leaking, drooling a string of wetness into the hair on his leg.

Yea, Kevin was turned on. The sex in the house before the hijacking: that had been enough to take him through the ordeal with a clear head—up until now. But the excitement of the operation: that had been one hell of a charge to his sex glands. In Nam, it might have been different, would have probably taken longer for Kevin to get hyped up to where he was now. But that was only because Nam had been one dangerous confrontation after another. And a person could become so saturated with exposure to danger that his body became partially anesthetized to the excitement that danger spawned: like a junkie finding he needed more and more of a narcotic to reach the same high a small amount of the drug had given him in the beginning of his habit.

But Kevin, so long removed from the constant barrage of those life or death situations of Nam, had lost some of his immunity. He had only needed the renewed pump of adrenalin through his veins to get his juices flowing. And by the feel of his cock, those juices had flowed right into his penis and gotten trapped there.

Kevin continued to rub his blood-engorged stiffness, realizing suddenly that his playful fingering was being noticed in another quarter. He looked up slyly, smiling as the dark-headed kid—Tyler? Yea, Tyler—quickly looked in the opposite direction.

Kevin's smile went wider. He shoved himself up from his seat and walked over to Tyler. Tyler kept his face averted, made ill at ease by the fact that he'd been caught watching Kevin play with himself. Tyler knew he shouldn't have been so fascinated by the way Kevin's hand had been stroking the man's evidently hard penis where it rested along Kevin's thigh. But knowing he shouldn't have been so fascinated hadn't kept Tyler from watching just the same, had it?

"Hey, buddy, you want to see the real thing?" Kevin asked. He rubbed his cock again. The way he was standing, his crotch was almost touching Tyler's left cheek.

Tyler didn't respond, keeping his gaze turned away. He sensed rather than saw what was waiting for him, there just inches from his face and

inside Kevin's pants. Tyler was mortified enough by his helplessness without having this happen. Kroner, who was tied in a nearby chair and had been going through the motions of trying to get some sleep, now had opened his eyes and focused his attention on what was happening between Tyler and Kevin.

"Come on, kid. Tyler, isn't it?" Kevin said, continuing to stroke his concealed penis. He liked Tyler's looks. He'd liked them from the beginning. Tyler rather reminded Kevin of a guy he'd once known in high school: same black hair, light blue eyes, classical features. Would he have the same greedily hungry mouth?

Tyler still didn't answer. He felt Kroner's quizzical eyes on him and on Kevin. Tyler and Kroner had only said a few words since their reunion. The few seconds they'd had alone together, bound there in the lounge, Kroner had started to say something—about Max Blaine, about the field house?—but Tyler hadn't let him continue. Tyler didn't want to hear any of it. HE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ANY OF IT AT ALL!

Tyler certainly didn't want to hear what this freaky bastard had to say. So what, after all, that Tyler had been watching Kevin groping his own crotch? People stood around in the zoo, watching the monkeys masturbating, didn't they? So where was the difference here? This animal and the animals in those cages: they were both about the same, the way Tyler saw it.

"I've got almost eight inches here in my pants," Kevin said, undaunted by Tyler's obviously feigned disinterest. Kevin, after all, had seen the hunger there in Tyler's eyes. It was the same hunger Kevin had seen in Robbie's eyes in high school.

Robbie: yea, that had been the jock's name in high school, the one who couldn't get enough of Kevin's hardness. Robbie Malson.

Tyler didn't care how many inches the bastard had. Hell, Tyler had nine himself.

Kevin reached out his right hand and closed his fingers tightly in Tyler's black hair. He pulled, sharply jerking Tyler's face into alignment with Kevin's bulged pants crotch. In spite of Tyler's obvious efforts to pull his

eyes away, Kevin held him firmly in place. With his left hand, Kevin began fumbling with the zipper on his pants fly.

Yes, by God, he'd show this kid just what he did have: all naked eight (almost eight anyway), delicious inches of it.

"I'll bet you give one hell of a wicked cock suck, don't you, kid?" Kevin said, his pants unfastened, his fingers trying to find the entrance to his underwear. "You've got the lips for it."

"For Christ's sake, you asshole, what are you trying to prove?" Kroner asked loudly. He was seeing all of this, but he wasn't believing any of it. As if what had happened already wasn't enough, this latest twist took the cake.

Kevin heard Kroner, but he really wasn't listening to what Kroner had to say. Kevin's fingers had finally managed to hook his swollen cock, and he was pulling his meaty stiffness free of his trousers.

Tyler was near panic! He struggled against his bonds. But he'd done that earlier with no success. He achieved nothing now except to irritate even further the chafed rings of skin that circled his wrists and ankles.

Kevin's cock flipped free, its pulpy corona immediately pulling the bulky cock neck to attention. The whole phallic metronome weaved precariously before Tyler's eyes, seeming to defy gravity by remaining in an upright position.

Tyler thought he was going to be sick. He could actually feel the heat of Kevin's cock, as if it had been a rod of steel heated in a fire. Kevin's cock had a smell, too: a sweaty fragrance that was a physical assault on Tyler's nostrils.

"Look at it, stud!" Kevin commanded. His left hand wrapped his thick cock neck, pulling it down to Tyler's face, his pulpy cock head actually brushing against Tyler's lips. "It'll make a nice mouthful, won't it?"

"Oh, Christ, don't!" Tyler begged, careful not to give Kevin the chance to stick his cock inside of Tyler's mouth while Tyler was in the process of talking.

"Leave the guy alone, you bastard!" Kroner said loudly.

“Why in the hell should I leave your buddy alone?” Kevin asked, turning his eyes on Kroner. “Can’t you tell he’s just dying to give my cock the suck of its life?”

“Tyler wouldn’t know what to do with a cock, except maybe gag on it,” Kroner said, working on the ropes that bound him, but knowing he had little hopes of unfastening them. He’d evidently been trussed up by experts.

“Don’t try and tell me this good-looking stud has devoted his whole life to just eating pussy,” Kevin said, obviously prepared to disbelieve any such nonsense. He had, after all, seen the way Tyler had been watching Kevin work his meat, hadn’t he? There’d been no mistaking Tyler’s interest.

“I tell you, he’s about as straight as they come,” Kroner insisted, wondering if the best thing in the world for Tyler would have been getting a sample of Kevin’s cock jammed down his throat. How, after all, was a person ever going to know if he liked something if he didn’t give it a try? Still, Tyler looked so panic-stricken, so riddled with terror at even being this close to Kevin’s naked cock, Kroner could feel sympathy for him. By Tyler’s reaction, anyone would have thought Kevin’s cock was a cannon ready to shoot off ten-pound cannon balls. When, in fact, Kevin’s cock, while being big enough, was certainly nothing all that special.

“Come on, now,” Kevin said, still dubious that Tyler hadn’t at least sucked off a cock or two. “I thought you college kids were into all sorts of sex games.”

“I don’t know where you got your information, but it’s full of holes,” Kroner said, pressing forward in order to retain hold of Kevin’s attention now that he had it. “You can tell just by looking at his face that he’s never even entertained thoughts of sucking cock.”

“Oh, yea?” Kevin said, giving Kroner a curious little grin. “Well, maybe it’s just up to me to show your friend here just what he’s been missing.” Kevin turned his attention back to Tyler. “You want a few lessons in cock sucking, buddy?”

“You fucking... goddamn... pervert!” Tyler spat.

Kevin laughed. He directed his cock head back to Tyler’s mouth, increasing the tightness of his hold on Tyler’s hair as he did so.

Tyler once again felt the heat of Kevin's penis. Then, he felt the actual rubberiness of Kevin's blunt cock corona bruising his lips and flattening against his clenched teeth.

My God, juices had leaked from Kevin's cock onto Tyler's tips! Juices, male cock juices, for Christ's sake! And, Tyler could taste them... ACTUALLY TASTE THEM!

Tyler felt his stomach give a flip-flop. He tasted the bile rising in his throat; but even that sour-bitter taste couldn't completely eradicate the heavy saline flavor of the pre-seminal oozings Kevin's leaking cock had smeared like lip gloss on Tyler's mouth.

Tyler thought for sure he was going to be sick. He would have opened his mouth to say so; but he was afraid Kevin was now prepared to take any advantage offered to jam his hard cock to its balls down Tyler's throat.

Kevin, though, turned his attention back to Kroner.

"You know what I think?" Kevin said, giving Kroner a wink. "I think your friend here, if he's been masquerading as a straight stud, has been pulling the wool over your eyes. I've had a lot of experience, see; and I can usually tell a cock sucker when I see one. Tyler here just wants to be persuaded a little, don't you, Tyler?"

"Please... DON'T!" Tyler begged, making sure to keep his teeth clamped together as a barrier against any of Kevin's possible moves for cock-insertion.

"Listen, I've had some experience, myself," Kroner said, wondering what kind of a gut-reaction he would experience if Kevin—right then and there—stuffed all those blood-stiffened inches up Tyler's throat. Unfortunately, there was little denying the fact that Kroner found even the thought of that somehow sexually exciting. As soon as Kevin had begun making his overtures to Tyler, Kroner's cock had begun erecting inside of Kroner's pants. "And, I say if you think Tyler is going to know what to do with that cock of yours once you feed it to him, you're sadly mistaken."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Kevin said, winking at Kroner again. Kroner's good looks hadn't escaped Kevin, either. Being dark-complected, Kevin was actually attracted to the other end of the spectrum. "Maybe it might be interesting to see just which of us is right about your friend here: you, who

says he's too straight to know a cock from a slab of bologna; me, who says he's a natural-born cock sucker."

Tyler shivered. Once again, he fought down an urge to puke; although, he could simultaneously wonder what Kevin's reaction would have been to a sudden violent upchucking.

"You want to risk getting that hunk of meatiness bitten off at its roots by an amateur?" Kroner asked. "Or, do you want to walk that monster of yours over here and let a real expert swing it into heaven?"

"You telling me once again that you'd know what to do with this blood engorged prick of mine, where your buddy wouldn't?" Kevin asked. It was funny, but Kevin would have figured Kroner to be the straighter of the two. Not that either kid looked the old stereotype. But then, Kevin had learned a long time ago that you didn't spot all gays by any outward physical appearance. Kevin had gotten a lot of practice, separating the grain from the chaff, in the military. Because in the military, gays often looked more straight than the straights did.

"I'm telling you that I've had bigger, and probably better, cocks up my mouth than you've got right there between your legs," Kroner said, offering part taunt and part invitation. Despite all temptations to let Kevin go ahead and rape Tyler's virgin mouth and throat, Kroner simultaneously couldn't keep from protecting his friend from something Tyler obviously found so distasteful.

"You don't say?" Kevin says, turning loose of Tyler's hair and turning his whole body in Kroner's direction. His fisting left hand moved up and then down along his cock stalk. A beading of more pre-seminal lubricant formed within the cupping of his deep and pinkish penis eye.

"Still if you'd rather take the time to break in a novice, go ahead," Kroner said. "I understand there are some freaky people around who really can get it off by taking teeth marks on their fat cocks."

"Why is it you don't look much like a cock sucker?" Kevin asked, still lazily fondling his cock. His penis was so hard, Kevin knew—whether it was going to be Tyler's throat or Kroner's mouth—Kevin's blood-stiffened meat was going to have to be jabbed somewhere—AND SOON.

“Why is it you don’t look all that queer, either?” Kroner countered, pretty sure that his rescue attempt had succeeded.

Kevin laughed his genuine amusement. His attention was now almost completely shifted from Tyler to Kroner. Kevin liked Kroner’s no-nonsense attitude. He liked the way the blond stud made no bull about the fact that he could take on all Kevin had to offer and more, without hesitation. And, Kroner had been right; dealing with a novice, as far as getting your cock sucked, was often more bother than it was worth. Kevin had fucked a few virgin mouths while in Nam, and it was never the thrill it was supposed to be cracked up to be. How could a guy get the full pleasurable benefits from receiving a cock suck if the guy on his knees in front of him was more concerned with not gagging to death?

“You think you’re really a pro, do you?” Kevin asked. He still didn’t move away from Tyler. He derived a certain sensation of power in momentarily continuing to witness the power his uplifted mass of turgid stiffness had in cowering a butch young stud like Tyler. Still, despite the fact, Kevin had almost made up his mind it would be Kroner’s mouth, and not Tyler’s, which was going to get stuffed with the goodness of Kevin’s bloated meatiness.

“You’re not going to find out how much of a pro I am by standing over there,” Kroner said. “Not even your cock is big enough to fuck a mouth over six feet away.”

“You just managed to talk your buddy here out of a good time,” Kevin said, deciding that Kroner’s mouth was just too inviting to pass up much longer. He left Tyler and took the few short steps that brought him to Kroner’s chair.

Kroner licked his lips, making it seem as if he were really looking forward to the treat Kevin had in store for him. Actually, he wasn’t all that adverse to the idea. There was something about this whole scene—despite its continued air of unreality—which was somehow sexually exciting in itself. Besides, Kroner had always derived a certain degree of pleasure from sucking cock. Oh, he never actually got his rocks off by just giving head. But, all pleasure certainly wasn’t measured by how many quarts of sticky spermal glue a person spurted from his penis, was it?

Tyler, suddenly no longer the object of Kevin's obscene attentions, suddenly got his sense of reasoning back. He realized what Kroner had done—WHAT KRONER WAS DOING—and Tyler was beset with conflicting emotions because of it.

On the one hand, Tyler knew that Kroner was a faggot himself and would probably be right at home sucking this freaky faggot's ugly penis. On the other hand, Tyler intuitively suspected that gays weren't so haphazard in choosing partners for sex that any cock, on any person, was just as good as any other. And if the latter was the case—if Kroner actually wouldn't be getting any more real enjoyment out of sucking on Kevin's cock than Tyler would have gotten—then Tyler could feel guilty that Kroner, just because Kroner had sucked cock before, was now willing to make the sacrifice to protect Tyler from enduring the humiliation.

"Kroner, for Christ's sake, don't suck on that bastard's prick just because he's threatened me with it!" Tyler said, still hoping to God that Kevin wouldn't be returning.

To think that Kevin's stiff meatiness had been so close to Tyler's mouth that it had actually strung its salty juices on Tyler's lips!

"Seems like Tyler might be more anxious for the feel of my cock buried in his craw than you might have imagined, huh, stud?" Kevin said, flashing Kroner a wide grin.

And Kroner, who wouldn't really be against the turn-on of having Kevin turn right around and begin a swift fucking of Tyler's face, wished to hell Tyler would just keep his mouth shut. It seemed obvious that Tyler was still so ticked off at having seen Kroner fucking Max Blaine's ass in the field house that he wasn't hot to be indebted to his ex-friend and faggot for any reason—even a reason giving him relief from an obvious horror.

"Unless you want that virgin mouth of yours stuffed with this butch specimen's hard cock, buddy, I'd suggest you just shut your fucking mouth, sit back, and see how two queers go at it," Kroner said, hoping Tyler would take the hint.

After all, Kroner had no intentions of holding any of this up to Tyler later and saying something like: Remember how I saved you from that bastard who was going to cock-rape your precious virgin mouth?

“I can take care of myself, damn it!” Tyler insisted, wondering why he was suddenly able to be so brave. Was it because he knew the danger was over? Or, was it because some perverted part of his psyche was wondering just what it would feel like to have a hard male truncheon spearing the flaps of his tonsils?

“Sure you can, sure you can,” Kroner agreed. “But let me take care of this. I, at least, know what to do with it.”

“Why in the hell should you be forced into sucking some freak’s cock just because he’s hutching it up in front of two guys who can’t fight back?”

“I’m not being forced into it,” Kroner answered, wondering just what in the hell Tyler was trying to prove. Shit, one more cock up Kroner’s mouth certainly wasn’t going to mean all that much to Kroner. So, why make such a big deal out of how that cock happened to get there? “I volunteered for the chance, remember?”

“BUT... YOU... DON’T... HAVE... TO... SUCK THIS BASTARD’S UGLY COCK!” Tyler insisted.

“Someone is going to end up sucking it, kid,” Kevin said, his excitement having increased as a result of these two studs fighting over which of them was going to swing on his meat. “If it’s not Kroner here, then it’s going to be you.”

“So, I’ll do it,” Tyler said, even then not believing he’d said what he’d said.

What in God’s name was he doing?

“You ever sucked a cock before, Tyler?” Kevin asked, willing to admit that he’d possibly been a bit off base in the beginning. Not that he’d been convinced yet that Tyler was a straight stud who didn’t want to suck cock. Possibly, though, Tyler was one of those silly-ass queers who somehow never managed to stick his nose out of his closet to find out just what he did or didn’t like.

“What in the fuck difference does it make whether I’ve sucked cock before or not?” Tyler asked loudly.

And, that at least told Kevin that Tyler had never given head—and had possibly never received it. Because the sure sign of a neophyte was his

admission that he didn't see the difference between head given by an experienced cock sucker and head given by a beginner.

"You just settle back and watch, kid," Kevin told Tyler. "Maybe get some pointers from watching your buddy here. I really don't have the time to be giving lessons myself. You know what I mean?"

"Kroner for Christ's sake... you can't actually be going..."

"Just shut up, Tyler!" Kroner interrupted, disgustedly.

The damned idiot apparently didn't know when he was well off!

"Yea, kid, shut up," Kevin agreed. "It isn't like I'm putting your buddy here through some horrible torture. If he's as good as he says he is, then there's no problem. You just sit back and relax. Maybe when the two of you get out of here, Kroner can take you off somewhere private and show you how its done, so you won't have to put up such a fuss next time."

Kevin adjusted his position in front of Kroner. He opened his thighs wider, walking forward so that he was straddling Kroner's lap, his balls dropping down toward Kroner's crotch. Kevin's cock was right smack dab on level with Kroner's handsome face.

Tyler watched, horror-struck—and excited, for Christ's sake?—as Kevin reached out both hands, cupping his fingers around Kroner's head. Kevin pulled Kroner's face forward.

"Kiss it, cock sucker!" Kevin commanded. "Wipe your wide, slick tongue up along my monster's fat belly."

Tyler tried to turn his head away from the lewd spectacle occurring just a few feet away. But he couldn't look anywhere else. He felt strangely compelled to view Kroner's damp, pink tongue darting out to paint Kevin's cock belly with a veneering of wet-warm spit. But then, Tyler hadn't been able to tear himself away from watching that obscene rutting in the field house, either, had he? And what about the fascination he'd had in seeing Kevin's fingers playing with Kevin's cock—the latter foundlings having precipitated this present very lewd display of blatant homosexuality.

"HMMMMMMM, feels good, feels real good," Kevin hummed. He turned his head toward Tyler and smiled. "Yea, Tyler, I can tell already that your

buddy here has put in his apprenticeship. He's got one wicked tongue, brother: one... wicked... wicked... tongue."

"Pervert!" Tyler accused. "Degenerate!"

"You say the nicest things," Kevin said, obviously more amused than angered by Tyler's epithets.

Kevin stepped back slightly. He left his left hand cupped in support behind Kroner's head. He moved his right hand to pull his cock down to a position where his pulpy cock head was aiming inward between Kroner's pursed lips.

"Here it comes, buddy," Kevin said by way of forewarning. "Jesus... mouth-fucking God... here... it... comes."

"Kroner, don't do it!" Tyler pleaded, feeling a sympathetic paining in his throat as he watched with unbelieving awe as Kevin's beer-barrel penis jabbed into Kroner's face.

"Ohhhhhhh... sweet... Jesus!" Kevin grunted in appreciation of the expertise Kroner had exhibited in taking Kevin's cock from its head to its balls in one uninterrupted slide. "You... fucking... weren't lying when you said you were a pro, were you?"

Kroner sucked. His ovaled lips gave Kevin's cock roots a good gumming. His tongue whipped Kevin's spit-drenched cock neck. His saliva drowned Kevin's cock meat in soupy moisture.

Kroner's nose was buried in the twisting black tufts of pubic hair that stuck free of Kevin's pants fly and underwear opening. Kroner's chin was shoved up tight against Kevin's hair-raped scrotum, feeling that sex sac moving with a life all of its own.

"See how it's done, kid," Kevin said, his dilated eyes trying their best to focus on Tyler. "Your good buddy didn't even gag. He just sucked it all the way down to my cum-bulged nuts and started working his tongue like crazy over all of my submerged cock meat. That's class! That's... A-1... fucking... class!"

Tyler couldn't believe that all of Kevin's cock had disappeared into Kroner's mouth. He couldn't believe it, even though he had seen it happen before his own eyes.

Why wasn't Kroner gagging? How in the hell could Kroner possibly breathe? It had to be some kind of an optical illusion! Either that, or Kroner should have been hiring himself out as the sword swallower at some circus!

"Oh... yes... stud... yes," Kevin said, slowly beginning to draw his cock out to its head, feeling Kroner's tongue at continual work as it whipped and wiped Kevin's priming penis. "Do it... nice... do... it... real... real... nice."

As soon as Kevin had his cock pulled free to its rubbery head, he immediately began shoving it in again. Then out. Then in. Then out. Then in and out and in and out. He managed to make them long, smooth, slow strokes, taking every advantage of Kroner's expert tongue and expert hugging lips.

"Kevin, you horny sonofabitch!" Peter Brodin said suddenly. He had been standing at the top of the stairway from the first level for several seconds. Everyone, though, had been too engrossed in their own scenario to pay him any notice. "What in the fuck are you doin?"

"Fucking face," Kevin answered, his hips not having missed a beat. "I'm fucking... lovely... lovely... face."

"Actually, I guess I can see that," Peter said, giving an accompanying laugh. He also felt the telltale jerkings his own hardening cock was making inside his pants.

"Come on over and join in the fun," Kevin suggested, his cock slipping out to its head, his cock gliding in to its balls. "This guy is even better at giving head than you are."

Peter chuckled and moved deeper into the lounge and closer to the action. He had just finished walking the plane from nose to tail countless times, checking every little nook and cranny. The PacAir 747 was empty except for the three men in the cockpit and the four men now in the first-class lounge.

Peter dropped his automatic rifle on one of the chairs, deciding that he had no immediate need for it. He used his left hand to adjust the lay of his cock, allowing his penis an easier swelling to erection.

Peter spent several long moments savoring the sight of Kevin's barrel-like penis working Kroner's mouth. Peter could tell that Kroner was obviously no novice at sucking cock. The kid appeared to be taking Kevin's blood-enlarged prick with the ease of a youngster taking his mother's teat.

Peter then slowly shifted his gaze to Tyler: watching Tyler watch Kevin fuck Kroner's face. Peter's gaze traveled down along Tyler's neck, over Tyler's chest which was expanding and contracting with irregular breathing, down to the boy's lap. Peter saw the bulge there just about the same instant Tyler realized Peter was looking at him and not at Kevin's meaty cock pumping Kroner's ungagging mouth and throat.

Tyler looked at Peter, immediately seeing on what part of Tyler's anatomy Peter's attention was then focused. Tyler felt his flesh flushing hotter than it already was. Shortly, Tyler and Peter's eyes locked. Peter's face broke into a wide smile.

"You really turned on by that, are you?" Peter asked Tyler, nodding toward the action of Kevin's cock up Kroner's throat.

"Damn right I am," Kevin answered, thinking Peter had been talking to him. Kevin once again had both of his hands cupped behind Kroner's head, rocking Kroner's face back and forth in coordination with the slow forward and back buckings of Kevin's swinging hips.

"I'm not talking to you, pervert," Peter said, amusement in his voice. "I'm talking about our other little bound goose over there. By the looks of his bulging basket, I'd say he has a hard cock in his pants that is just rearing to pop out and see a little action."

"You mean, Tyler has an erection?" Kevin asked, as if he really wasn't quite as surprised as he pretended. He focused a look in the direction of Tyler's crotch. "By God, I do believe you're right." Kevin turned his attention back to Kroner whose rubbery lips were once again pulling back up Kevin's thick cock shaft toward Kevin's pulpy cock head. "What do you make of that, buddy? Your straight-as-a-stick friend there has gotten himself all excited watching you eat my cock."

"Looks like a big cock he's got there, too, doesn't it?" Peter asked, his grin going wider. "What do you guess, Kevin? Eight, maybe nine inches?"

“Looks like a good niner to me,” Kevin replied. His voice was getting faintly distorted as a direct result of Kevin’s rising passion. Kroner had sucked off enough cock in his time so that even someone like Kevin, who had pumped mouth so often, was going to feel the effects before long. “Why don’t you pull it out for him, and give us both a look-see?”

“Don’t you come near me, you freak!” Tyler said, a new sinking occurring in his guts with the arrival of this latest threat.

Kroner had tried to come up for air, tell Peter to keep away from Tyler; but, Kevin had anticipated Kroner’s move and had used his hands to keep the boy’s face pinned over Kevin’s upjuttred hardness.

“Don’t pay no attention to Tyler, there,” Kevin said to Peter. “By the looks of all those ropes wrapped around him, I’d venture to say that his bark is much worse than his bite, wouldn’t you?”

“Yea, it does rather look that way, doesn’t it?” Peter said. Peter headed in Tyler’s direction, weaving slightly as the plane passed through a small air pocket.

“I’m warning you, bastard! Don’t lay one filthy finger on me!”

“What’s with this guy?” Peter asked, still grinning. “He some kind of a fruit or something, getting a hard cock every time he gets in the same room with a few other men?”

“You know those faggots,” Kevin said, his hips beginning to pump his cock faster, “they’re all over the damn place any more.”

“DON’T, DAMN IT!” Tyler said, his eyes growing wide with fear as he saw Peter dropping to his knees in front of him.

“And, you just take it easy, stud,” Kevin whispered to Kroner, once again using his hands to keep Kroner from pulling his head free in order to comment on what was happening. “Your friend isn’t going to get himself hurt any more than you are; so, don’t worry your handsome little head about it”

“FOR GOD’S SAKE, DON’T... PLEASE!” Tyler begged, feeling the sudden shot of electricity that rocketed through his body the minute Peter’s right hand had rested on the bulged material at Tyler’s pants crotch. Once’

again, Tyler struggled against his ropes. Once again, he got virtually nowhere in the process.

“For Christ’s sake, kid,” Peter said, his fingers moving along the ridge Tyler’s cock was making along Tyler’s left pants leg. “I’m not planning on killing you. Really I’m not.”

“What do you have in mind for the kid?” Kevin asked, his voice gone guttural and almost undecipherable. His brown pupils had dilated to the point where his whites were hardly noticeable.

“I’m not quite sure,” Peter said, his fingers closing in on the small tab on Tyler’s zipper, lifting it upward to release its locking of the zipper jaws. “However, I might think of something. After all, if it is the blood-engorged monster it looks like in there, it would only be the Christian thing to put it out of its swollen misery, wouldn’t it?”

But, Kevin was too far gone to hear the question.

Too far gone to make any answer. His spiraling pleasure had quite suddenly narrowed his whole universe to his fat cock and to the hungry mouth that was sucking it.

“Let’s just see what you’ve got for me here,” Peter said, pulling down on the zipper tab and watching as the metal teeth slowly unfastened.

“Oh... please... no,” Tyler muttered, knowing he sounded pathetic, and weak, and childlike, but not being able to help it. There was a fear knotting in his guts, an all-consuming fear.

But a fear of what? Of the horror of what was possibly about to happen? Or, a fear of the pleasure that he suspected might somehow be lurking within that horror?

CHAPTER EIGHT

Peter suspected part of Tyler's continued protests had to be show. Probably he was trying to convince his buddy that he was a macho straight who wouldn't willingly get his cock touched by any queer.

Peter also suspected that if he had Tyler off somewhere by himself, off where there would be no witnesses, Tyler would be calmer and less inclined to go into his verbal theatrics. Because, at least as far as Peter was concerned, Tyler's protestations were just a little too vehement to be entirely genuine.

Christ, you would have thought Peter was preparing the stud for castration!

Sure, a straight would put up a little fuss if some gay tied him up and then went after his cock; but, everyone knew—straights included, since more than a few of them had discovered the joys of getting head from their girl friends—a blow-job felt good and never hurt anyone.

As a matter of fact, what better excuse was there for a straight to get his cock sucked off than the way Tyler was about to get it now? And, what straight was there who ever lived who wouldn't have secretly jumped at the chance to try out male mouth without having any choice in the matter? The only reason more of them didn't try it was only because they couldn't find a way to rationalize getting their cock sucked on by another guy. Well, Tyler had all the rationalization here that anyone needed. Didn't he? Because, no one would call Tyler a queer just because he got sucked off without his being able to fight off the perverts.

So, you would have thought Tyler would have been content with just putting up a token resistance, finally settling back to enjoy the inevitable. Instead, he kept on acting like he was going to turn queer the minute a guy went down over his cock. Bullshit! One suck or one fuck never a queer made. And if Tyler thought otherwise, then he wasn't very confident of his heterosexuality, was he? And if that was the case, then Tyler could thank his lucky stars that he was where he was, here and now. Because, there was nothing more ridiculous than being gay but refusing to accept the fact that

you were. God only knew how many goddamn masochists there were out there in the world who went through life fucking women and having only poor or mediocre sex, when they could have really been having a good time eating male cock and fucking male mouth or asshole.

If Nam had taught Peter nothing else, it had taught him that life was too transitory to fart around pretending you were something you weren't.

"Oh... shit... please," Tyler said. He shut his eyes, shuddering violently as Peter's fingers actually closed around his cock and began to pull it out into the open.

"Listen, Tyler," Peter said, knowing for sure that no one who didn't want his meat sucked was going to get so hard a cock that it could hardly be maneuvered out of his trousers, "I think you've about convinced everyone within miles that all of this is happening against your will; but try not to beat on a dead horse, why don't you?"

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" Kevin was grunting. His hips were fucking like crazy. Kevin's head was dropping back on his neck, making his Adam's apple poke out noticeably on his throat. His fingers were clamped claw-like in Kroner's hair.

Tyler heard Kevin's guttural groanings, knowing that Kevin was obviously on the brink of explosion. But, as erotically exciting as watching that might have been, Tyler kept his eyes shut. Because, Tyler's attention was suddenly focused not so much on what was going on a few feet away, but on what was happening at his own crotch.

Peter, being anything but gentle about it, was finally succeeding in getting Tyler's stiff meatiness pulled free of an opening which was somehow too small for it. Peter, though, was determined; and he didn't give up until Tyler's cock was standing tall outside of Tyler's trousers. He didn't stop there, either. He scooped his right hand into Tyler's pants and brought out Tyler's heavy, ball-filled scrotum.

"Take it, bastard! TAKE IT! TAKE IT!" Kevin grunted. He slammed his hips forward with a force that pugged Kroner's nose. He ground his lower belly tight against Kroner's face. He fed his salty gushings of hot-wet cum into Kroner's frantically sucking mouth and throat. "Aaaaaghhrrrrr... aaaa-gggghhhrrrrr... agggg-hhhrrrrr!"

“Christ, keep the racket down, Kevin,” Peter said, sitting back on his haunches, paying more attention to what he’d so recently unearthed at Tyler’s groin than in Kevin’s animalistic grunts in finale.

Peter liked the looks of Tyler’s circumcised penis. He liked the neat lines, the slightly flat back and belly, the mushroom-like capping supported by the thick cock neck. He liked the accompanying balls, contained in a black-furred scrotum that spilled over the vee of Tyler’s open fly. It was a cock just made for eating and for sucking. Tyler was an asshole if he was keeping his cock exclusively for female cunt, female mouth, and female ass. Peter wrapped the neck of Tyler’s penis with his right hand, his fingers curving around toward the cock back, his thumb hooking the cock belly. Tyler’s cock flesh was velvety to the touch: a sensuous covering for the hard cock core contained within it. Peter gave a couple of masturbatory strokes, moving the outer skin up and down over the inner cock stiffness. The action caused an immediate pooling of pre-seminal juices within the deep cock mouth.

Close by, Kevin had finished and was slowly pulling his cock free, trembling while Kroner’s tongue continued lapping up the last of the cum. Kroner, finally allowed to come up for air, released Kevin’s cock, his eyes immediately taking in the swollen cock Peter had revealed at the base of Tyler’s belly.

Well, it looked like, despite everything, Tyler was going to get his initiation. Kroner could only hope that the experience wasn’t going to be too traumatic. Still, Tyler was lucky to be getting his cock sucked instead of being forced into taking Kevin’s hard stiffness—at least as this was Tyler’s first time; and Kroner had no doubts whatsoever that it was.

Besides, Peter really acted like he knew what he was doing. If anybody could show Tyler that there was pleasure lurking up another guy’s mouth, it was probably this attractive blond who could do it. Kroner only regretted that Peter was about to sample what Kroner had always wanted for himself. Kroner, so recently having sucked Kevin’s cock, was still able to be hungry for what he saw jutting upward from Tyler’s crotch.

Peter was one fucking lucky bastard!

“There now, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Peter asked, his hand moving up and down along the length of Tyler’s cock shaft. “Certainly not half as bad as you seemed determined to imagine it. And, you’ll be happy to hear that it’s only going to get better from here on out.”

“Quit fucking around, Peter, and give the poor bastard a bit more action than he could give himself if he had his hands free,” Kevin said. Kevin had gone over to one of the lounge chairs, and he was sitting on the arm. His cock was still out of his pants, slowly going flaccid. Kevin was fingering his meat absently, waiting for the last of Kroner’s spit to dry on it before he stuffed it back into his pants.

“Bug off, Kevin!” Peter said good-naturedly. “You didn’t hear me complaining as to how you were fucking that kid’s mouth with about as much finesse as a kangaroo in heat, did you?”

“Low blow!” Kevin said with a laugh. He stood, working his cock and his balls back into his pants and underpants. He zipped up after them.

Kevin watched the progressing action between Peter and Tyler for a few more seconds and then decided, his own nuts sufficiently drained for the moment, he wasn’t really all that interested. Tyler, after all, was still looking as if he were steeling himself for the Armageddon. Peter was welcome to him! Kevin figured he had gotten the best of the deal when he had allowed himself to be talked into fucking Kroner’s mouth.

Now, Kroner, there was a kid who knew where it was all at!

“I think I’ll go look in on Charles,” Kevin said. He heard Peter mumble something in reply; but, Kevin knew Peter really wasn’t paying all that much attention to what Kevin was or wasn’t doing. Peter was occupied, actually seeming to enjoy teasing Mr. Straight-Man. Oh, well, everyone to his own tastes! Kevin was of the personal opinion that Peter would have been better off if he left Tyler to his illusions of irreversible straightness and took advantage of Kroner’s expertise in eating cock.

Peter, though, enjoyed being right where he was. There were various kinds, and varying degrees of pleasure, weren’t there? And Peter found it strangely exciting to be stroking the cock—preparing to suck the cock—of a kid who was so seemingly convinced that nothing worse could ever possibly happen to him than being set upon by a cock-hungry queer.

God, but there were horrors in the world that Tyler couldn't even begin to dream of! Peter knew. Peter had seen more than his share of them in Nam. And if Tyler never had to undergo anything more than having to endure getting his cock sucked, then he could consider himself lucky!

Peter bowed his head toward Tyler's crotch. His tongue flicked out, making contact with Tyler's pulpy cock corona.

Tyler's eyes came open; and Tyler knew what he was going to see.

The bastard was licking his cock! Oh, God, this pervert was actually licking... Tyler's... cock!

Peter licked again, enjoying the way Tyler's cock stalk shuddered first against his cupping fingers and then against Peter's tongue.

"Oh, Jesus, don't... please, don't!" Tyler begged, wondering why his voice came out sounding funny to his own ears.

But Peter paid no attention whatsoever to Tyler's continued pleas for mercy—if he had ever paid any attention to them. He knew what he was going to do; and nothing Tyler said or did was going to stop him. Peter was determined to suck this stud to such a high pitch of excitement, Tyler would be begging for more of the same.

Yes, by God, Tyler would be begging, not even caring that his good buddy Kroner was there listening to the supposed straight Tyler come apart at the seams!

Peter licked Tyler's cock head once again, his tongue dragging away the last of the pre-seminal juices that had leaked from Tyler's cock eye up until then. Peter closed his pursed lips over Tyler's cock crown and sucked the cock head and a good half of Tyler's turgid stiffness into his mouth.

Tyler's cock corona collided against Peter's bony palate and then deflected through the opening of Peter's throat.

Peter's sucking drew more salty juices up through Tyler's cock. Peter tasted the slightly saline flavor of those new juices. Their deliciousness only made Peter hungry for more. He sucked harder, dropping his head deeper over Tyler's groin, siphoning more of Tyler's blood-engorged member into his throat.

Tyler's mouth came open; and, Tyler, realizing he was about to groan, stopped himself in time from doing it. Fearful of the pleasure inherent in Peter's swallowing mouth and throat, Tyler tried once more to break free. The ropes held, digging deeper into the burns already raised by Tyler's previous struggles.

Peter's experienced mouth and throat adjusting to Tyler's entering cock bulk, Peter finally reached bottom. His mouth felt the gentle scratch of Tyler's black pubic hair. Peter's lips experienced the tingling stretch necessitated by Peter's mouth having widened far enough to enclose Tyler's knotted cock roots.

Tyler's body was alive with a jumble of conflicting emotions: fear, anguish, helplessness, vulnerability; joy, pleasure, excitement, ecstasy.

Tyler was humiliated in his knowledge that Kroner was watching. Tyler knew that Kroner was watching, without Tyler even having to look in Kroner's direction.

What, Tyler wondered, was Kroner thinking? Was he amused to see Tyler getting his cock gobbled up to his balls just like any other of Kroner's gay friends, like Max Blaine probably got his cock gobbled up by Kroner's hungry mouth when his ass wasn't busy taking Kroner's blood-bloated stiffness?

Kroner, if Tyler only had known, was only wishing that Tyler would fucking relax and enjoy himself. It was obvious Peter knew what he was doing. So, why should Tyler have been wasting a goddamn good thing? Tyler wasn't proving anything by gritting his teeth and telling himself there wasn't any pleasure, where only a fool could deny pleasure that had to be.

"For Christ's sake, Tyler, quit fighting it!" Kroner exclaimed, wondering if even Tyler knew just what in the hell he was trying to prove by this exercise in cutting off his nose to spite his face.

"Fuck you!" Tyler said. He didn't look at Kroner; but there was no doubt whatsoever to whom his expletive had been directed.

Sure, Kroner probably would have loved seeing Tyler lean back and have a good time! The bastard! Kroner would just love to think that Tyler was as queer as he was, wouldn't he? Kroner would like to think that

everyone, down deep, was gay—as gay as he was or as gay as Max Blaine was.

WELL, GODDAMN IT, KRONER WAS WRONG!

Peter hadn't stopped after just taking all of Tyler's cock up his mouth. Hell, no! He had almost immediately drawn his lips back along Tyler's stiffness, coming finally to Tyler's cock head. Pausing only momentarily, he had dropped down once again. His face bounced, his compressed lips dragging from Tyler's cock roots to Tyler's cock head, from Tyler's cock head to Tyler's cock roots.

"Tyler, you're an ass!" Kroner said, knowing that Tyler was going to resist until the very end. As if resisting proved a damn thing!

And Peter, bouncing his face over Tyler's cock, knew more than anybody that Tyler was resisting the pleasure. Peter could feel the tenseness emanating from Tyler's body, emanating from the very stiffness of Tyler's cock. Something else Peter knew, though, was that Tyler was liable to regret the intensity of his efforts to impede the natural flooding enjoyment; because, when the bubble finally did burst—and there was no doubt in Peter's mind that it would burst—then Tyler was going to feel as if he had been hit by a two-ton truck. Because, as Peter knew from experience, retardation was an aid one used to wind the inner springs tighter, building toward that one final eruption that could dwarf anything that might—if allowed—have come before it.

Then again, maybe Tyler knew all along what he was doing. Maybe he was milking this whole scene for all it was worth: figuring to impress Kroner with the fact that he was a straight, resisting his gay rape until the very end, while simultaneously figuring to get his rocks off in a really big way. And, wouldn't that twist have been ironic as all hell?

Peter's face slipped up Tyler's cock, his lips tightly gripping at loose cock flesh and pulling it upward along Tyler's solid inner cock core. His mouth paused in the groove made by the flaring of Tyler's mushrooming cock corona. Peter sucked on the phallic crown, enjoying the view he had down the length of Tyler's spit-glossed erection. He then went down for the roots again.

Tyler's hips gave a reflexive bucking: an instinctive attempt to fuck Peter's face. It was the first indication that, if Tyler's brain still knew the difference between male mouth and female cunt, there were more primitive centers inside of Tyler which weren't prepared to be so discriminating.

Panic! Plain, unadulterated panic. Tyler thought he had known it before, but everything was pale in comparison to the panic Tyler felt the moment he realized he was losing control of his own body. He was responding uncontrollably to the obscenity this gay faggot was performing on him.

"Oh... Jesus... Jesus... Jesus," Tyler groaned, his voice a wheezing whimper of frustration.

Peter continued his methodical bouncing over Tyler's cock.

Oh, yes, Tyler was beginning to come around. Peter knew. Peter could tell. And, the resistance would grow weaker and weaker. And, it would eventually crumble completely. And if Tyler remembered nothing else in his life, he WOULD remember that he'd been sucked to orgasm by Peter Brodin!

Kroner watched, his own cock painfully hard in his pants. He was becoming more and more excited by seeing the change that was coming over Tyler.

See how Tyler's facial muscles were occasionally relaxing. See how Tyler's eyes were glassing over. See how Tyler's ass began raising up off the seat in an effort to meet the downward sliding of Peter's head over Tyler's upjutting cock.

Kroner wished his hands were free. His cock needed beating. He would have liked fisting his blood-engorged cock now, pumping it in time to the cadence of Peter's face going piston-like. He would have liked feeling his own pleasure building even as Tyler's pleasure was building. He would have liked blasting his pearly cum into his fisted hand at the exact same moment Tyler's body was shuddering into the cataclysmic throes of its eruption.

Unfortunately, the wanting was not the getting. No one untied Kroner's hands; and, Kroner had already tried—without success—to untie them himself on more than one occasion.

Tyler continued to resist the pleasure, denying that what he was feeling had anything whatsoever to do with enjoyment. Who, after all, but another queer could possibly enjoy a faggot sucking his cock? Still, it was becoming more and more difficult to maintain the illusion that Peter's expert mouth and tongue weren't finally getting to Tyler.

Peter, meanwhile, continued his uninterrupted sucking. He moved his left hand to Peter's compacting scrotum. He rolled Tyler's cum-bulged balls within his fingers, making the large sperm-filled orbs ache pleasantly as they collided, one against the other.

"Ohhhhhhh, God," Tyler groaned. His legs trembled. His hips had begun to move into even more pronounced automatic fuck movements.

Tyler didn't want it to happen. He tried to fight it. But no one could have held out against the workout Peter's hot and hungry mouth was giving the prick rammed between his lips—and Tyler was no exception. Pleasure, so long held down, began to swell, despite all of Tyler's efforts to contain it. It was a fire, long having smoldered in Tyler's belly and now flaring suddenly into an uncontrollable holocaust.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Tyler moaned, his humiliation even more severe. He was conquered. He was beaten. He was utterly... utterly... utterly defeated.

Peter's mouth and throat had long since adjusted to the bulky contours of Tyler's cock dimensions. Each bounce of Peter's face took Tyler's prick to its balls and then back up to its bulbous corona.

Peter's jaws ached pleasantly from the continual stretching his mouth was forced to endure over Tyler's hardness.

"Oh... my... God... my... God," Tyler growled, trying to remind himself who he was, where he was, what was happening to him. But it was becoming so hard to remember that he was involved here in perverted sex. How could anything that felt so good—and was feeling steadily better—be perverted?

Peter left his left hand to continue its fondling of Tyler's priming testicles. He dropped his right hand down to his own pants crotch. He quickly unzipped his fly and reached inside the breached zipper jaws. His deft fingers found the opening of his underpants and slipped inside. His

hand wrapped his cock meat, pulled his turgid sexual member free of its confinement and immediately began beating on it.

Kroner, watching from his chair, was really getting horny. As if the sight of Peter sucking Tyler's huge stiffness hadn't been enough, Peter's beating of his own meat was almost too much for Kroner to take. Kroner's cock was rock hard—so hard it hurt.

“Damn... damn... damn,” Tyler chanted beneath his breath, knowing that the cum in his nuts was boiling in preparation for an explosion that was approaching at breakneck speed.

Tyler shivered violently as another whipping of Peter's tongue coaxed Tyler's hardness nearer and nearer to eruption.

“Suck it, suck it, suck it!” Kroner intoned from his place a few feet away from the action. He squirmed his ass in his chair, hoping the resulting friction of his hard cock against the inside of his pants would somehow miraculously be enough to allow him to get his rocks off.

Peter sucked, siphoning Tyler's sex deeper inside his throat, able to tell by the compacted mass of Tyler's scrotum that Tyler was riding on the upward crest of an orgasm which would soon be crashing down around him.

Did the bastard actually still think he was going to hold out forever?

Peter's streamlined and circumcised cock hastily fucked the fist Peter had wrapped around it. Peter's fingers grew glossy with the constant leakage of pre-seminal juices that were immediately being smeared to his cock shaft by Peter's whipping hand.

Peter knew it wouldn't take him long to get his own cock beaten to an orgasm. In Nam, a soldier learned how to get himself off in the odd moments that were made available to him. More often than not, he didn't even have whole minutes to jerk himself to a climax. He had only seconds. And some of the soldier's in Nam who couldn't climax in mere seconds missed out on even that meager pleasure before dying.

“Oh, eat me,” Tyler groaned lowly, surprising even himself with that lewd request. It had slipped out. He hadn't really been responsible. Jesus,

how could he have uttered such an obscene thing? He was no longer sane! How could he be? What...in... the... hell... was... happening... to... him?

Peter knew finally that he just about had Tyler where he wanted him. A few more bounces at Tyler's priming penis, and that was all it was going to take. Just... a... few... more... up and down... up and down... movements... of Peter's head... over... Tyler's fat hardness... and... WHAMEEE... that would be... all... she... wrote!

Tyler's buttocks had gone to a hard mass of twin buns. His stomach muscles had risen to even more obvious delineation beneath his taut abdominal skin. His pectorals were sweat-stained and pressed into high relief beneath his shirt. There was perspiration going soupy beneath his arms. The crotch of his pants was stained with a combination of Tyler's pre-seminal juices and Peter's drooling spit.

"Oh... yes... yes... yes," Tyler muttered, his more primitive nerve centers now almost in total control. Even the fact that Kroner was there in the room somehow couldn't stop Tyler's need to have this obscene attack on his body carried to its final conclusion.

Peter could tell by the throbbing of Tyler's hard penis, by the further compacting of Tyler's large scrotum, just how near Tyler was to his ultimate moment of truth. Tyler's heavy heartbeats were being relayed via Tyler's blood-filled cock tubes to Peter's sensitive tongue and lips.

Tyler's hips were really beginning to bounce now. His solid ass cheeks dimpled as Tyler frantically tried to fuck Peter's face those last few times necessary to bring on the finale Tyler's entire being was now so desperately crying for.

Oh, it was a lurid display of degenerate homosexual carnality! And, God help him, Tyler was part of it! And, he couldn't help himself! But, would anybody really ever believe Tyler's helplessness? Or, would they more likely as not believe that Tyler had wanted this all along? And, had he wanted it? Had he always wanted it?

WAS IT THIS ECSTATIC PLEASURE NOW BOILING INSIDE OF HIM WHICH WAS THE BOOGEYMAN TYLER HAD FEARED—AND FEARED EVEN NOW—BECAUSE OF WHAT IT HAD DONE AND WAS DOING TO HIM?

“Oh, God, take it,” Tyler mumbled, knowing he was on the verge, on the very brink, teetering even then for his fall.

What in God’s name was Peter doing? What... was... he... doing? Because on an upward slide along Tyler’s cock neck, Peter had let his lips come completely free of Tyler’s cock. Tyler’s spit-glossed meatiness was no longer encased by Peter’s sucking mouth. Tyler’s stiff hardness had slapped back against Tyler’s belly, pulsing noticeably with a life of its own.

Peter, still pumping his own cock, turned his glazed eyes up toward the confused and frustrated Tyler. Peter smiled.

“Tell me you want my mouth back over your cock, bastard!” Peter said, his hand whipping his solid meat; the resulting friction of his hand along his cock making his penis go hot within the sticky cocoon formed by his fist and his leaked juices. “Go ahead, bastard, and tell me. Tell me you want it.”

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhh... aaaaaahhhhhhhh,” Tyler whimpered. He was disoriented, lost, floating in a kind of discomfoting limbo. He heard what Peter was saying, but he didn’t understand. Actually, he refused to understand.

“Just tell me, bastard,” Peter said. His pumping of his cock had gotten Peter almost to the point he wanted to reach. A few more masturbatory strokes, and Peter’s balls would let go their gummy, wet-white loads.

“Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God,” Tyler chanted. His hips were bouncing, fucking his cock into thin air in an attempt to get Tyler that last short distance Tyler needed to go for relief from the tensions that were tauting inside of him. But, fucking air didn’t supply the needed friction. Tyler would have to plow his cock into something far more substantial to get what his whole body was suddenly demanding he receive.

But, could Tyler—even now—bring himself to consciously ask, TO BEG, for what he really had never wanted to begin with?

BUT, WHATEVER HE HAD WANTED TO BEGIN WITH, HE DID WANT IT NOW, DIDN’T HE? HIS WHOLE BODY CALLED OUT FOR IT: GIVE ME HEAD FOR MY COCK TO FUCK! GIVE ME MOUTH TO SCREW! GIVE ME THROAT TO SKEWER!

“Ohhhhhhhh, pleeeeeeeeee,” Tyler moaned. His throat hurt, his chest hurt, his belly hurt. He was one mass of throbbing ache, yearning for the sudden catalyst that would metamorphose the pain into shuddering waves of ecstasy.

All Tyler had to do was make his request and it would be his. Just... ask... and... it... would... be... given.

Tyler had no doubts but that Peter would comply with the request if Tyler but made it. Peter was a homosexual, wasn't he? He would eagerly suck up Tyler's cum, greedily drink it down. Why else was Peter doing what he was doing?

ALL TYLER HAD TO DO WAS ASK!

“Oh... you... faggot... queer!” Tyler groaned, his voice ragged and strained. “You... goddamn... faggot... queer.”

“Beg this faggot queer, stud!” Peter commanded, moderating the swiftness of his masturbating strokes along his own cock to keep himself on the edge of orgasm without prematurely spilling over. “Beg this faggoty queer to suck on your massive, supposedly heterosexual cock.”

“Oh... fuck... SUCK IT... SUCK IT... PLEASE... PLEASE... DEAR GOD... PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESE...”

Peter used his left hand to pull Tyler's blood-reddened cock, Peter's face simultaneously falling down over the uplifted truncheon. Peter's mouth yawned wide. Peter sucked up all the sex meat Tyler had to offer, doing so in one massive gulping.

“AAGGGGHHHHHHREEEEEIIIIIII!” Tyler screamed helplessly, convulsed by the massive shock waves of pleasure that resulted from the sudden explosion that went off first in Tyler's balls, then in his belly, and then in his brain.

Peter, content in his victory, sucked hard, his cheeks billowing and contracting as Peter's mouth filled and then emptied of the cum Peter was greedily sucking down to the digestive juices in his belly.

As Peter ate the wet-warm meal Tyler's erupting testicles were then feeding him, Peter's own gonads were jettisoning their own reservoirs of opaque sex cream.

Peter accompanied his sucking of Tyler's sperm with muted gurgling grunts that heralded his own spasming pleasure.

But, on the whole, Peter's voicings were deceptively muted. In Nam, a soldier learned to maintain silence even when erupting his sperm. A noisy soldier was—more often than not—a dead one. And habits, once formed, were hard to break.

CHAPTER NINE

Charles took advantage of Kevin's offer to relieve him in watching over the pilot and copilot in the cockpit. Charles should have known by the silly grin on Kevin's face that something was up in the first-class lounge; but, Charles in no way expected to find that "something" being cock. Then again, he should have known that the enticement offered by two hunky, young, attractive, college-kid type captives, was undoubtedly going to be hard to resist. Charles, himself, arriving for the last few seconds (wherein Tyler was begging for Peter's head to finish off its sucking), found his own cock jerking to attention in short order.

Charles, had Peter been nowhere near finishing off Tyler's cock, would have stepped on up and fucked Kroner's mouth. But Charles, who had long had a penchant for dark-complexioned studs (did it go back to the first gay sex he'd ever had with that husky young Italian?), watched both Tyler and Peter shoot off in finale, and he decided he'd wait a minute and take on Tyler when Peter had finished with him. The way Tyler had been begging Peter to get him off had really made Charles go all hot and horny.

"You about ready to let someone else get a little relief?" Charles asked Peter. Charles already had his pants unzipped.

Peter, who hadn't really realized Kevin had left, or that Charles had arrived to replace him, gave Tyler's cock one final lick as he spit it out.

"What did you have in mind?" Peter asked, glancing up and grinning sheepishly. He released his own cum-smeared penis, wiping some of the sperm webbing his fingers onto the carpet on the floor.

"I've got designs on this handsome stud's ass. Think you can give me a hand getting to it?"

"Sure," Peter said, coming to his feet. "But don't expect much cooperation from Tyler here. He's not convinced, yet, that he's into gay sex."

"That's not what it sounded like to me," Charles said. Charles' cock was out. So were his balls. His cock was stiff and upjutting. His bulky foreskin had rolled back to form a collar around the base of Charles' cock head.

Several blue veins came to the surface along the cock shaft. Charles' scrotum, made black with curling hair, drooped halfway down to the man's knees.

"I guess he's just got to put up a show for his buddy here," Peter commented. Peter didn't bother tucking his own cock and balls back into his trousers, he hadn't gone so soft during masturbation that his cock was yet completely inoperable. "Either that, or he really thinks he's straight."

"I'll take his ass on the seat," Charles said. "We'll just untie his arms from the chair—but not from each other—and I'll scoot in underneath him, right?"

"Sounds good to me," Peter said, wishing he'd thought of that before Charles had done so. But then, Peter wasn't adverse to sloppy seconds. Besides, Peter watching Charles fuck Tyler would probably get all of the previous stiffness back into Peter's prick.

Tyler sat wide-eyed. Still not yet recovered from the obscene degradation he'd just been forced to endure beneath Peter's hungry mouth, Tyler couldn't believe what was now happening. These two bastards were talking about him as if he were a piece of meat—as if his asshole were a can of raw liver available to anyone who wanted to fuck it.

Tyler looked horror-stricken at Charles' erect cock, and he shivered slightly. Tyler remembered the few times he had shoved his own finger up his ass. Those had been tight fits.

Charles' cock was a lot bigger than any finger!

"Hey, you guys, give the kid a break!" Kroner said. "His mind is liable to snap if you're not careful."

"I think you underestimate your buddy here, Kroner," Peter said, smiling. "I've sucked enough guys to know when they enjoy it."

"Getting your cock sucked and getting your ass fucked isn't exactly one and the same thing, is it?" Kroner reminded.

What Kroner was really wishing was that either Peter or Charles would start paying some attention to him. Having watched the erotic display of sucking and masturbation that Peter had just exhibited, Kroner's testicles

were so crammed full of cum, they were probably turning blue—if they hadn't turned blue already.

“Don't worry, kid, there'll be plenty left over for you when we're through with your friend,” Charles said with a smile, having somehow correctly guessed just exactly how Kroner was thinking.

“Hey, listen... please, don't do this,” Tyler pleaded, finding his voice. He already had an ache in his ass from even thinking that Charles' cock might soon be trying to actually stuff itself inside Tyler's anus.

Tyler was disgusted by the reaction of his own cock. His cum—and spit—drenched penis, still jutting obscenely out of his trouser crotch, was jerking rhythmically.

His damned cock hadn't even gone soft! So, what in the hell was wrong with it? So, what in the hell was wrong with Tyler?

THIS WAS SODOMY THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT! SODOMY OF TYLER'S VIRGIN ASS HOLE!

“You're going to love it, buddy,” Charles promised, nodding to Peter to begin unfastening Tyler's arms from the chair. “And if you don't put up too much of a fuss, I might even jerk off your cock while I'm fucking your tight rosy-red rectum.”

“You're all disgusting perverts!” Tyler accused, including Kroner in the bargain. Tyler knew he was possibly only making things worse by his name-calling. But, he couldn't help it.

And, wasn't Kroner probably gloating over Tyler's degradation at the hands of these queers!

“And, you're a straight, I suppose,” Charles said, smiling and shaking his head in obvious disbelief. “And, how many straights have you known who could keep a hard-on even in the face of getting their virgin asses fucked?”

Tyler felt the sinking in his belly, the bile of humiliation rising in his throat.

Just why was his cock still hard? Tyler didn't know the answer. He, though, like Charles—and probably like everyone else in the room—knew

that Tyler's cock SHOULDN'T have been hard under the circumstances.

Tyler's bindings were so arranged so that it was comparatively easy to free Tyler's arms from the chair while keeping the boy's hands tied behind him. No one made any effort whatsoever to free Tyler's legs from the ropes that wound in an intricate arrangement that anchored Tyler's calves and ankles to the lower part of the chair.

"Now, do you think you'd oblige us by standing?" Charles asked Tyler.

"Pleeeese, don't do this!" Tyler begged. Yes, by God, he was begging. Getting his cock sucked off by a queer was one thing; but getting a faggot cock up his ass...

"Maybe you'd better give him a little assist, Peter."

Peter moved around in front of the chair, facing Tyler. He bent slightly, working his arms in and up against Tyler's armpits. He pulled Tyler's chest in tight against his own, locked his hands behind Tyler's back, and lifted.

Tyler came to his feet. His struggles seemed pathetically inadequate; and, in fact, they achieved absolutely nothing.

Charles slipped over the side of Tyler's chair, sitting in the place Tyler's ass had just vacated. Charles opened his thighs, dropping his legs off to each side of Tyler's bound ones. He then skillfully pulled down Tyler's trousers and shorts.

"Okay, buddy, I'm ready now. You can sit down again any time."

Tyler didn't want to sit. Because, he knew what was waiting back there for Tyler to sit on. Charles' cock was a blunt spike raised upward between Charles' legs and aimed toward Tyler's asshole, Charles used his right hand to keep his hard cock firmly positioned for the ass-plugging Charles had in mind. He wrapped his left arm around Tyler's belly, pulling the boy back down toward Charles' lap and closer to the tip of the spear waiting for him.

"Jesus... please... no... please... no," Tyler mumbled. Was he really whimpering like a baby? Was he really choking up and on the verge of tears? Christ, he hadn't cried since he was a kid.

Peter, in the meantime, hadn't released his hold on Tyler's body, fearing that too fast a drop of Tyler's ass—especially if Charles' cock and Tyler's

pucker were incorrectly aligned—might cause Charles a good deal of frustrated discomfort.

Tyler's reluctance to sit, however, gave Charles plenty of time to make sure Charles' cock corona was right on target when Tyler's ass was finally lowered to the point of touching Charles' cock head.

Charles pulled and Peter pushed on Tyler's body. Tyler resisted to the best of his ability; but it just wasn't enough to save him.

"Pleeeeeeease!" Tyler begged one more time, feeling his ass pucker going concave in preparation for rolling open.

"Relax, kid," Charles said. "Just relax."

Charles then used his own knees to push against the backs of Tyler's legs. Tyler, as a result, was forced to lose whatever tension had been successfully keeping his ass elevated. His buttocks fell. His asshole was forced open. His rectum sunk halfway down over Charles' cock before it became stuck.

"Oh... my... God!" Tyler grunted, his gripping anus spasming, its convulsions allowing Tyler's buttocks to drop the rest of the way over Charles' erect prick.

Tyler reflexively tried to pull up off the stake which was ravaging his bowel; but Peter and Charles kept Tyler anchored right where he was.

Charles' face was flushed from his own sudden sensations of pleasure and pain: pleasure at being so firmly entrenched up a virgin asshole; pain at having had the tremendous friction burn his cock shaft raw during insertion.

Charles' right arm joined his left one in wrapping Tyler's belly, Peter easing back so Charles could more easily accomplish the maneuver. Satisfied that Charles was now sufficiently in control to keep Tyler secured, Peter released his hold of Tyler and stood. Peter's cock thumped back hard against his belly, splattering beads of pre-seminal juices onto Peter's shirt.

Kroner couldn't believe the erotic turn-on he received from just watching the action. Inside of his pants, Kroner's cock oozed more mess to the flooding which had already drenched the front of Kroner's underpants.

Tyler gritted his teeth, shut his eyes, groaned helplessly as his bowel tried desperately to adjust to the huge, bulky cock mass which had stuck it.

Despite the pain—and there WAS pain—Tyler was disappointed that he wasn't being subjected to more agony. He was being anally raped, wasn't he? He was being brutally sodomized, wasn't he? So, he should have been so enveloped with the agony that he couldn't even bear it! He should have been teetering on unconsciousness.

So, why wasn't he? My God, was he really so perverted himself that his body could actually endure this ultimate degradation without even giving an adequate rebellion?

"Damn it, you're tight," Charles said, shifting his hands so that they were gripping Tyler's hipbones. "Your ass... is... really... really... tight."

Tyler kept telling himself that there should be more pain. He kept praying that it would come. Instead, his asshole adjusted further, relieving what pain there was.

"Pull up, kid," Charles instructed. "Not all the way up, though, or else we'll just have to start over again. Understand?"

Tyler, wondering why he was forced to endure this obscenely lewd degradation, lifted, feeling his rectum reluctantly letting large sections of Charles' cock slip to freedom. Tyler seriously contemplated coming completely free of Charles' prick; but he soon thought otherwise. Although Tyler's eyes were still shut, he knew that Peter was probably watching to make doubly sure that Tyler did just as he'd been instructed. And, after all, Charles was probably right: pulling the ass off prematurely would have only meant beginning the whole lurid rape all over again.

"Oh, sweet, sweet, Jesus!" Charles grunted, feeling Tyler's gripping sphincter drop into the groove formed at the base of Charles' cock corona. Tyler, without being told, dropped his ass back down over Charles' cock, surprised beyond belief by the fact that this second falling over Charles' cock was even less painful than the first had been. The pre-seminal leakage from Charles' cock eye had done a good job of lubricating Tyler's anus on the first inward progression up Tyler's rectum. More juices were leaked on the second sliding of Charles' prick into Tyler's asshole.

“Aaaaagggghhhrrrr!” Tyler growled, his body shuddering as Charles’ fat cock rammed against Tyler’s prostate. Tyler’s hard cock pulsed from its position at Tyler’s lower belly.

“Fuck your ass over my cock, stud,” Charles said, his voice a guttural whisper. He pressed his forehead against Tyler’s back. He used his gripping fingers on Tyler’s hips to direct the bouncing rhythm of Tyler’s ass over Charles’ priming cock.

Up, down... up, down. And, Tyler told himself he must endure, simply survive till this horror was over and done—if not forgotten. NO, NEVER FORGOTTEN!

“Feels good, doesn’t it, stud?” Charles asked, his voice going hoarse as the drag of his bulky outer cock skin collided with his inner cock core, causing another ecstatic shuddering throughout Charles’ body. “Tell me how good it feels. Tell me. Tell me.”

Why not tell the lie? God only knew what further abhorrences Charles and Peter might have in store for Tyler if he didn’t do exactly as they said? Although, what further obscenity could possibly exist that Tyler hadn’t now been forced to endure?

“Tell me, bastard! Tell me!” Charles insisted, as if he knew the answer already but wanted to hear Tyler verify it anyway.

“Good... ugh... good... ugh,” Tyler obliged begrudgingly, refusing to believe that Charles’ cock was in reality churning more than just the pain inside of him.

It wasn’t pleasure taking root in Tyler’s bowel, ONLY because Tyler knew it couldn’t be pleasure. IT COULDN’T! IT COULDN’T!

Peter, who had been prepared to stand by and watch, was suddenly too excited by what he was watching to just remain idly in the wings, doing nothing. He, therefore, hooked his left hand behind Tyler’s head, pulling the boy’s face downward. At the same time, Peter stepped in closer and used his right hand to hold his blood-engorged cock in position.

Tyler, eyes still shut, was shocked into the sudden realization that a blunted cock head was being shoved between his lips, drooling its saline juices on his teeth.

Tyler's eyes came open, confirming the boy's worst fears. All Tyler could see was Peter's hard cock bridging the space between Tyler's mouth and Peter's opened pants crotch.

"Go ahead, kid, and suck it," Charles encouraged. As if to give Tyler extra incentive, Charles let his right hand glide inward and downward along Tyler's belly. Charles' large hand found and fisted Tyler's cock.

"Oooohhhhhh!" Tyler moaned, opening his mouth when he knew he shouldn't; unable to help himself. Charles' cock had corkscrewed against Tyler's prostate; Charles hand had squeezed Tyler's blood-stiffened meatiness; the pleasure arising from the two attacks on Tyler's body had sent a new shock of electric-like pleasure/pain throughout Tyler's body.

Peter, not one to miss out on an opportunity when that opportunity was given, pushed his cock into Tyler's mouth. His cock back and his cock belly were scraped against the hardness of Tyler's teeth. The resulting pain wasn't without its own kind of masochistic pleasure that excited Peter rather than acted as a detriment to his swelling desire to fuck Tyler's mouth.

His cock partially secured, Peter put his other hand to Tyler's head, using his handholds to push Tyler's mouth completely down around Peter's blood-hardened cock.

Tyler thought for sure he was going to gag. He couldn't breathe! He couldn't get air! He felt his throat muscles spasming uncontrollably around Peter's plugging stiffness.

"Oooooorrrrgghhhrrrr!" Tyler groaned in protest over the phallic plug.

Oh, God, he had been forced to an even lower depths of depravity than he had ever thought possible! He had been sucked; he was being fucked; and, he was being forced to suck on male cock while a queer jacked off Tyler's prick!

Peter pulled his cock out to its head, allowing Tyler to suck in a definitely needed rushing of breath. Peter then firmly planted his cock once more, his hips giving an inward and upward thrusting that brought Peter's balls to a hard slapping against Tyler's chin.

"Bounce on my cock... bounce on my cock," Charles encouraged, making sure that Tyler knew he was expected to service both men without

neglecting either one of them. At the same time, Charles began vigorously stroking Tyler's cock, knowing that Tyler's pleasure would only enhance Charles' own ecstasy in the end.

Tyler was a novice. It was difficult for him to successfully coordinate his ass over Charles' cock and his mouth over Peter's blood-glutted truncheon. But he was, surprising enough even to himself, aided by some primitive instincts inside of him which seemed to intuitively guide Tyler in what to do, how to do it, when to do it.

A point was reached when Tyler simply surrendered to the inevitable, realizing that he was hopelessly at the mercy of his captors. Rather than have this inner admission of complete defeat act as a detriment to Tyler's pleasure, it somehow only stimulated his ecstasy. Because if there was no more resistance, there was only compliance. With rebellion fucked out of him, Tyler was able to give himself over completely to the enjoyment.

Yes, to Tyler's ever-increasing amazement and horror, there WAS pleasure: pleasure from the cock up his ass, pleasure from the cock up his mouth, pleasure from the hand whipping his solid penis, pleasure from the realization that he was being homosexually raped, pleasure in knowing that Kroner was watching Tyler's ultimate sodomistic humiliation.

"Oh... fuck... oh... fuck," Charles grunted, his experienced cock already made vulnerable by the squeezing tightness of Tyler's virgin asshole.

"Suck me, stud... eat me... Jesus... EAT ME!" Peter chanted, surprised that the cock he had so recently beaten to a climax was already on the verge of yet a second, seemingly even greater, eruption.

"Aaaaaagggghrrrr!" Tyler groaned over Peter's pulsating stiff meatiness. A rocket went off in the pit of his belly; and, without really being aware of what was happening until it was happening, Tyler's cock was ejaculating its rich-warm cream.

"Oh... Jesus... Jesus!" Charles moaned gutturally, his cock strangled by the sudden orgasmic shudderings of Tyler's virgin anus around it. "Oh... my God... take it... take it... TAKE IT!"

Charles' sperm flooded into Tyler's ravaged bowel, and more of Tyler's webbing cum juiced Charles' still-pumping fingers.

Peter, the last of the three to hold out, could hold out no longer. He bucked his cock deep up Tyler's throat and left it there. His cock ballooned, his balls released their reservoirs of man-made cream.

Cum filled Tyler's ass; cum filled Tyler's mouth; Tyler's cum splattered against Peter's legs and into Charles' masturbating fingers.

TYLER KNEW NOTHING IN HIS LIFE WOULD—OR COULD—
EVER BE THE SAME AFTER THIS. NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

CHAPTER TEN

Kroner, naked except for his robe, stood in front of the open drapes, looking out at the night panorama offered by the San Francisco skyline outside his hotel window. Fog, blown in from the bay, blew in trailing gossamer veils that were visible even in the darkness.

It was hard for Kroner to realize all he'd been through these last few hours. It was certainly hard to believe that he had met and had sex with the three men whose hijacking of the PacAir 747 was now the prime topic for the world news-media.

And Charles, and Kevin, and Peter: where were they now? Somewhere in the air between San Francisco and Cuba. Counting their suitcase full of five-million dollars? Kroner couldn't help hoping that they would make it.

So, what now? Where did Kroner go from here? Anything, no matter what, was liable to be anti-climactic after having been held by kidnappers/hijackers for several hours.

Actually, Kroner would have possibly preferred having been forced to remain on the plane all the way to Cuba. Had that been the case, then he might have, at least, had a few more hours to try and straighten things out between himself and Tyler. The way things were, Kroner wasn't really sure how to define his present relationship with his college roomie. The two had really had no time to talk anything over on the plane. And, after their release had been made part of the deal in which the five-million dollars was paid to the hijackers by PacAir, there was no way Kroner and Tyler could have gotten together for even a few private words at the airport. Cameramen, news commentators, reporters, and just the curious, had been milling around to such an extent that Kroner had had quick flashes of an ants' nest in swarm.

Even now, checked into the hotel, it seemed there was going to be little opportunity to get any talking done. Kroner had called Tyler's room twice, only to be told by Randolph Chambers that his son was resting. Kroner was beginning to wonder if he and Tyler would ever get the opportunity to

discuss the problem that was evidently still there between them—a problem possibly made even far worse by what had happened on the plane.

Tyler just hadn't been the same person after his rape on the plane; and Kroner had been at a loss to read Tyler's thoughts at all. But, it hadn't taken any expert in psychology to see that Tyler had probably been feeling guilty about having enjoyed the homosexual raping of his body, or to see that Tyler had been disturbed because of his having received ANY pleasure whatsoever out of the ordeal.

Kroner started at the sound of someone knocking at the door. His immediate reaction was not to answer it. Probably one of the reporters had managed to sneak up the backstairs in order to get an exclusive interview with one of the victims. The last thing Kroner wanted to do was talk to a reporter. Every time he had talked to one at the airport, Kroner could feel Tyler's nervousness reaching out to envelope him.

Did Tyler actually think that Kroner would announce to the reporters and the world that Tyler had been raped on that PacAir 747, and had enjoyed that raping?

"Kroner? Are you in there?" the voice came, muffled through the door. "It's Tyler, Kroner. I want to talk to you."

Kroner hesitated. If it turned out to be one of those reporters, playing games, shit was going to really hit the fan! Kroner would have welcomed nothing more than the opportunity to relieve some of those tensions and pressures building up inside of him by slugging some bastard newspaperman in his nosy snout.

"Kroner?" It sounded like it could be Tyler. But having Tyler show up was the last thing Kroner had been expecting.

Kroner walked to the door, resting his one hand on the knob, his other on the safety lock, his ear against the door.

"Tyler?"

"Come on, Kroner, let me in."

Kroner opened the door. And, it was Tyler—if not exactly the Tyler who Kroner had expected.

Tyler was clean-shaven, obviously not all that long removed from a shower. Tyler was dressed in a clean shirt and trousers, looking like the typical college kid who had been doing nothing more over the last few hours than having a good time sightseeing the city.

"I decided it was about time the two of us had a talk," Tyler said, moving deeper into the room. He walked to the window, Kroner pulling the door shut behind him.

"You know, I'm really sorry all of this had to happen," Kroner said, speaking to Tyler's back.

Tyler was looking out on the same marvelous view Kroner had been gazing on only a few seconds before.

"Are you?" Tyler asked, not turning around.

"You think I'm not sorry?" Kroner asked, unable to think of anything else to say.

"What I'm saying is that I'm not sorry any of it happened," Tyler said, turning. "ANY of it. Not even seeing you fuck Max Blaine in the field house," he raised a hand to keep Kroner from immediately breaking in, "and yes, I did see the two of you."

"I figured you had," Kroner said, feeling a little ill at ease. He had wanted to talk all of this time, get things out in the open; but now that it was happening, he wasn't sure if he wanted it after all.

"And you know what gut-reaction I had while watching you and Max Blaine go to it?" Tyler asked, wondering if he was going to be able to get this out. But then, he had convinced himself the time had come to quit fooling himself, hadn't he? "I felt jealousy."

"Jealousy?" Kroner echoed. Of all the things Tyler might have said, that had not been any of the ones Kroner had been anticipating.

"I was jealous of Max Blaine," Tyler said, hearing his voice come out low and definitely strained.

Stating the plain, unadulterated facts, no matter how that verbal cleansing of the soul was proclaimed to be good for the conscience, was certainly not as easy an undertaking as it was sometimes cracked up to be.

“Yes, by God,” Tyler said, his voice getting more confident, more forceful. It was easier getting it out the second time. “I was damned jealous that Max Blaine was getting what I secretly wanted. Oh, I certainly wasn’t about to make any such admission—even to myself—at the time; but that’s what I see it as now. Jealousy, pure and simple.”

Kroner’s mouth must have dropped. His face must have registered his complete shock. He must have looked damned silly. Because, Tyler came right out and laughed.

“I can tell you’re surprised,” Tyler said. “Well, by God, I suppose I’m a bit surprised myself. But, I learned something up there in that airplane about myself that I wasn’t prepared to accept before then. And, no matter what happens to those three bastards on the way to Cuba, or ever after, I owe them a good deal for having forcefully pulled my head out of the sand.”

“Are you really saying what I think you’re saying?”

“I’m saying that I’ve wasted a good deal of time denying my natural inclinations, getting myself hung up in the age-old stereotype striving for a heterosexual butch image, when I’m really not all that turned on by girls—and probably never have been.”

“Jesus, Tyler... Jesus,” Kroner said, deciding he was conjuring this whole thing out of some forceful wishful thinking. Could it be that Kroner was dreaming on his feet?

“I like you, Kroner,” Tyler said, again feeling his voice beginning to waver as Tyler put into words things that would probably never have come out if it hadn’t been for that eventful ride between Hamcroft and San Francisco. “I mean, I REALLY like you. And, I’ve been afraid of my feelings up until now, mainly because I thought I would somehow put another chink in a masculine facade which I’d already found to be lacking if I never made any such admissions.”

Kroner walked the distance that separated him from Tyler. If this were a dream, then, by God, he never wanted to wake up.

“You know who I was thinking about while I had sex with Max Blaine?” Kroner asked. God, but it was hard not to reach out and put his

arms around Tyler's body, pull Tyler close, feel the hardness of Tyler's muscle.

"There's no need to make up anything just to make me feel good," Tyler said, smiling. Actually, he was surprised as to how all of this was making him feel damned good—the exhaustion he had felt when he'd left the plane now having completely disappeared.

"I'm not making up anything," Kroner said. "Do you know how frustrating it has been for me, having you so close all of this time and not having been able to even touch you?"

"Well, that's something neither of us is going to have to worry about any longer, isn't it?" Tyler said. He extended a hand toward Kroner, running a finger slowly down along that portion of Kroner's pectoral cleavage which was visible at the neck of Kroner's robe.

"Oh, Jesus, Tyler, if you only knew how often I've wished it could..."

"Shhhhhhhh!" Tyler said, putting his left forefinger to his pursed lips. "I think the two of us have done more than enough talking for one evening, don't you? And with all the time we've wasted, we should be able to come up with something besides chatter to fill up the rest of the night. Don't you think?"

Tyler dropped both of his hands to the belt securing Kroner's robe. He nervously untied it. Kroner's huge erection immediately came into view, pointing upward through the separating edges of material.

"You want to know a secret?" Tyler asked, his face radiant with an attractive and slightly embarrassed grin. "I've got one of those hard cocks between my legs, too? Would you be interested in taking a look?"

"You handsome, bastard!" Kroner said. And, he was no longer able to resist the temptation of having the touch of Tyler's muscled body pressed against his own. He reached out, his strong arms enfolding Tyler's waist. He pulled Tyler close, his cock feeling the hardness of Tyler's cock—nothing separating the two erected shafts of stiffness except the material of Tyler's pants and underwear.

Tyler was surprised at how natural it all felt, being there in Kroner's arms. Tyler felt as if he had somehow been meant to be there all along,

momentarily angry with himself for having taken so long to wake up to the reality.

The End